

# *The Improvement* **ERA**

AUGUST, 1930

Vol. 33 No. 10

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



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Independence Rock, Wyoming, on the Old Mormon  
Trail. Sweetwater River in Foreground

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# FORECAST

Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of Twelve, and a "special witness" for Christ, has given us an article under the title, "The Historicity of Jesus." In it he enlarges upon the points advanced in the excellent article under the same title which appeared in a recent issue.

"A Chateau in Normandy." Under this caption the *Era* has a charming story from the pen of Lucile T. Carlisle, which will appear in the September number. Mrs. Carlisle has written for our local magazines before, and is known as a talented writer.

The celebration held July Fourth at Independence Rock, Wyoming, attracted national attention. An interesting account of the event from the pen of John D. Giles will be found in our next issue. Prominent as this spot is in the history of the Oregon trail, it means even more to the Latter-day Saints, for a number of our Church members lie buried in the vicinity. Well-illustrated as it is this article will be a worth-while feature.

Are you reading "Joseph Smith, A Modern American Prophet," the second chapter of which appears in the current number? This story is told by John Henry Evans so graphically that one is introduced into the heart and mind of the oppressed youth in a manner not usually had by readers of our Church history. Young people as well as adults will find it interesting and faith-promoting reading.

The *Era* is fortunate in having secured from Fred L. Goddard a series of articles about the "come back land" of Hawaii. The author is a member of the Church who has spent several years in those delightful islands. Subsequently he delivered a number of radio talks on the subject from a Los Angeles station. These created such interest that he was induced to prepare them for publication. They are well written in an original and colorful style and will be profusely illustrated.

# The Improvement Era

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

## CONTENTS

Title	Page
Excerpts from Addresses of First Presidency	659
Poetry	663
Aspen	Grace Ingles Frost
Midsummer in a Mountain Meadow	Mark Hart
Penetration	Nina Brinkerhoff
The Lighthouse	Adele Skov
The Rain	Georgina Eakins
A Prayer at the Summit	Lavenia Bradbury Horsley
I Built a House for Hope	Clive Lovett Cleaves
Expatriation. A Serial Story	Hugh J. Cannon
Bee Hive-Junior Festival	664
A Spiritual Philosophy of Life	Dean Milton Bennion
The Flag	L. D. Stearns
What is Sunday For?	Thomas Weir
On the Road to the Grand Canyon	Prof. Frank R. Arnold
Joseph Smith, A Modern American Prophet	John Henry Evans
Be Fruitful and Multiply	Joseph S. Peery
Abominable Creeds—II	J. Percy Goddard
Nellie Sue Comes to Her Senses. A Story	Florence Hartman Townsend
A Centennial Gathering of Youth	682
Love	LeRoy Bateman
Onward with Mormon Ideals—	686
Carry On	L. Vert Broadbent
The Challenge	Warwick C. Lamoreaux
Home	Maurine Burt
Introduction of Pres. Heber J. Grant	James Sabine
Theology and Evolution from the Historical Point of View	689
What Should be Taught	P. Joseph Jensen
Boy Scout Dramas—	692
Snow Bound	Preston W. Pond
Feed Them Rather Than Fight Them	Minnie Moore Brown
In a Mysterious Way. A Story	Stella P. Rich
Signs of the Times	Margaret C. Moloney
The Life Story of Brigham Young	698
The Aims and End of Education	699
Irene Throws a Boomerang. A Story	Dr. H. M. Woodward
Love of the Land	Margaret C. Moloney
Yellowing of Plants	Dr. E. G. Peterson
Priesthood Quorums	701
Growth Through Attention to Duty.	702
Spiritual Activity a Necessity in Summer.	703
The Harvest Season and Tithing.	
Mutual Work—	
Executive Department	705
M Men-Gleaners Department	707
Junior Girls Department	708
Bee Hive Girls Department	710
Lamond's Lodge	709
Cheer and Trust to Face Adversity	Wm. M. Waddoups
A Dangerous Door	714

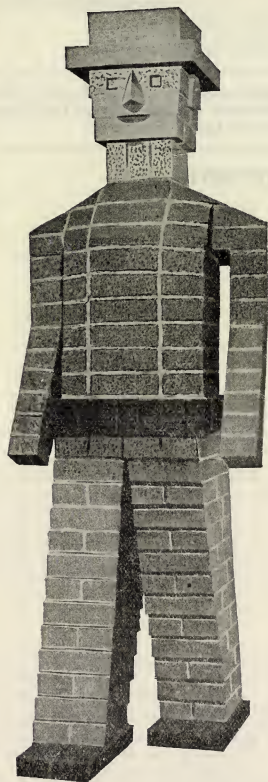
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# THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 33-41

AUGUST, 1930

No. 10

## Excerpts from Addresses made by First Presidency at June Conference

Responsibility Resting on Youth of Church to  
Uphold Ideals, Spread Gospel Truths, Honor  
and Obey the Law.

### PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I WISH to extend to the Presidencies of the Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Associations throughout the world, and the superintendencies of Young Men's organizations of all the stakes together with the presidencies of the various ward associations of the Young Men and Young Ladies my sincere thanks as the editor of the *Improvement Era* for the wonderful way in which they have inspired the people to subscribe for this magazine. It is little less than wonderful since the combination of the two magazines—the *Young Woman's Journal* and the *Era*—to note the support that has been given the new magazine, the *Improvement Era*, and I hope that all concerned will continue the good work.

I am thoroughly convinced that one of the finest things that can happen in any home is to have the *Improvement Era* come there once a month. It is full of splendid articles, uplifting in their nature and for the benefit of your children. And instead of spending your money—those of you who do not have this magazine in your homes—in allowing your children to go to picture shows that might

result in their downfall because of the pictures not being of an uplifting nature, I commend each and all of you to have that magazine in your home, that your children can have it where they can put their hands on it, as it is calculated in its nature to implant in their hearts a knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

OUR fathers and mothers came here for no other purpose than to serve the Lord and to spread the Gospel abroad, and I feel that there is a lack of interest in his own family on the part of the man who does not try to have in his home such literature and such information as will benefit his children and lead them in that straight and narrow path which leads to life eternal.

In the first meeting of this conference of the Mutual Improvement Association we adopted and pledged ourselves to carry out the following four items:

"To study and know the laws regulating tobacco, liquor and safety."

The next item is: "That we observe these laws ourselves." I propose to do it.

"That we will co-operate on a strict enforcement of these laws."

"That we will do all we can to get others to do the same."

THERE is a law in our state that minors shall not smoke cigarettes, and the majority of our children who are going to high school and to our state university are minors, and yet we know absolutely that some of those minors are smoking cigarettes on the streets of our city. In the future I shall consider it my duty and the duty of every person who made this pledge at our meeting, although it is a disagreeable task, to complain against those who are under age and smoking. It is simply frightful, with our wide streets, that we are having more accidents than almost any other city in the United States, and it is due to the reckless driving and the breaking of the prohibition law. I would thank the Lord from the bottom of my heart if the judges of Utah would send such men to the penitentiary instead of giving them light fines. It would be one of the greatest aids in breaking up this killing of people if every time a person under the influence of liquor is guilty of driving fast, when an accident happens and people are injured, he could get a year behind the bars.

WE are very anxious that our children shall grow intellectually, physically and morally. Perhaps the greatest benefactor to mankind at the present time is

Thomas A. Edison. I stood on a mountain behind Hollywood one night some time ago and saw the electric lights blazing for a distance of twenty-five miles, one of the most splendid sights in an evening that I have ever seen, and all of it due to the genius of Thomas A. Edison, who wrote in a letter to Henry Ford:

"The injurious agent in cigarettes comes principally from the burning paper wrapper. The substance thereby formed is called 'Acrolein.' It has a violent action on the nerve centers, producing degeneration of the cells of the brain, which is quite rapid among boys. Unlike most narcotics, this degeneration is permanent and uncontrollable.

"I employ no person who smokes cigarettes.

"Yours,  
"Thos. A. Edison."

FATHERS and mothers, remember that cigarettes degenerate the brain in an uncontrollable manner, and that the degeneration is permanent in your boys when they smoke cigarettes. And for heaven's sake at least keep your girls from doing it. Not only does it destroy their brains but it destroys the God-given power to bring forth sons and daughters into this world.

Dr. Fred J. Pack, in an article published in the *Scientific Temperance Journal*, says:

"A total of 210 men contested for positions on the first teams." (That is in football) "Of the non-smokers 65.8 per cent were successful.

"Of the smokers only 33.3 per cent were successful."

It lacks only one-eighth of one per cent of being one hundred per cent more non-smokers than smokers who obtained positions on the football team. Thank fortune we have a man at the head of our athletic department at the University of Utah who does not have any cigarette smokers on the football team! I do not think this team would hold the championship of the intermountain states if many of the players were smokers. Dr. Pack continues:

"This was not only true in the six institutions which furnished data about the tryout when taken as a total but in each of the six the non-smokers far outstripped the smokers. In one institution not a single smoker obtained a place on the team."

\* \* \* \* \*

HOLY men and holy women have been blessed with the gift

TY Cobb is given the credit for being the greatest baseball player in his day. He has become too old now to play baseball, and I think has been released. Among other things he says:

"Too much cannot be said against the evils of cigarette smoking. It stupifies the brain, saps vitality, undermines one's health, and lessens the moral fiber of the man. No boy who hopes to be successful in any line can afford to contract a habit that is so detrimental to his physical and moral development.

"The alert brain, the strong body, and the moral stamina necessary for the success in any line of endeavor are weakened and destroyed by the cigarette habit; and young men should realize its disastrous effects."

—Pres. Heber J. Grant

of tongues in our Church, and I stand here today as a living witness before you that by the gift of tongues to my wife whose body lies in the grave, I was promised that I should live to lift up my voice in many lands and in many climes, proclaiming the restoration to the earth of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Subsequent to that I was operated upon for appendicitis and before I had ever lifted up my voice in any foreign land. Eight out of nine doctors said I had to die. One of them said to President Joseph F. Smith, who was present at the operation: "Mr. Smith, you do not need to think of such a possibility as this man recovering. If he recovered it would be a miracle, and this is not the day of miracles."

I did recover, notwithstanding the fact that it was announced blood poisoning in the third and last stage had set in. And I have lifted up my voice, after the sentence of death was passed upon me, in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Canada and Mexico; from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; in the Hawaiian Islands, and in the far-off land of Japan, declaring that I know that God lives, that I know that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, the Redeemer of the world; that I know that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God, called by God to establish again upon the earth the plan of life and salvation. I know these things and I rejoice in them. I

pray God to bless you one and all and every honest hearted soul upon the face of the earth, and I do it in the name of Jesus, our Redeemer. Amen.

## PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

IT is now more than fifty years since the first Mutual Improvement Association was organized in the Church. There have been other associations formed for somewhat similar purposes, but during the early days of pioneering there had been very little time to devote to the cultivation of the literary and artistic tastes of the young people. It was a time of work, a period of colonization, when the Church was reaching out north and south, establishing new settlements in remote regions.

One thing, however, was never neglected. Wherever a colony of Latter-day Saints pitched their tents their first endeavor was the establishment of a school. There was a thirst for knowledge. Boys and girls were seeking after truth. They wanted to know something of the world, its history, its people, its achievements.

Associations were organized in many different localities, some called literary associations or societies, some debating clubs, some dramatic associations, all having in a general way the same idea in view. It was for the development of these associations, if I remember correctly, that the idea of bringing all these various organizations and clubs and societies under one organization was suggested, where these desires, these various tastes, where the literary, the artistic and other educational branches might be taught and more thoroughly and properly developed.

AND so we organized Mutual Improvement Associations, very different indeed in their direction and management and formation from those that we have at present, but always striving for the same ideals, the ideals of the Latter-day Saints, of the Church of Jesus Christ established in the age in which we live, the opening of a new Gospel dispensation, which was to be carried to all the world as a new witness for God and his Son Jesus Christ.

But this thought came to me

this morning: With all the truth that has come into the world and that has been applied for the benefit and convenience of man during the past century, the fundamentals of truth have never changed. They are the same today that they have always been. They will remain the same tomorrow and forever, because the truth changeth not.

I COPIED this morning a letter that I desire to read. It is dated Alexandria, 29th, the fifth month, 1794:

"Dear son Isaac: There is now going from under the care of thy loving father, whose eyes have ever been watchful for thy good, into the wide world. Thee will now be under the care of Captain Very who will advise thee for thy good, and I would wish thee to be advised by him. I have thought it most for thy good for thee to go to Salem, to learn the trade of a tanner. \* \* \*

"As thee will be among strangers take good care how thee forms acquaintances. Let them be friends, if possible, and steady sober lads, older than thyself, and the fewer the better. A young man's happiness both in this world and that which is to come, in a great measure depends upon the connections he forms while young. Keep steady to meeting and to plainness in apparel, and that God that made us will protect you from all harm. Above all things be true to thy trust, and defraud no man though the thing may be small, but do unto other men as thee would that they should do unto thee.

"And by so doing thee will gain the esteem of all good men and thy Master and come up into the world a useful member of society. Thee will have peace in thy own mind which cannot be taken away except by actions which I hope thee will not be guilty of. \* \* \*

"If thee agrees to stay I shall send thee a certificate, which thee must take to the monthly meeting.

"As there will be many opportunities I would have thee write often and let me know if thee stand in need of anything, and I will endeavor to furnish thee from time to time.

"I want thee to serve five years and a half, then thee will have some time in the winter, which will give time for thee to prepare for setting thyself in the spring following.

"I now recommend thee to that God who has protected me from my youth until this time, my father having died when I was about four years old, and I am sure he is the same Heavenly Father that ever he was, and will remain to protect and preserve all those that love and fear him.

"From thy loving father,  
BENJ. SHREVE."

"N. B.—Take care of the little money thee has, for thee will find that to be a friend when all others have forsaken thee. I shall furnish thee with small matters of money according as I hear of thy behavior. Often read this advice and endeavor to follow it."

I am thinking of another example which came under my observation. I was among the Navajo Indians in Arizona, the strongest

States. I was surprised to learn that among them the turkey is regarded as an unclean bird. They would not eat its flesh. I wanted to know why and they told me this story:

A long time ago a great flood covered the country, and the Great Spirit commanded two of all the animals and of all the birds to go up on top of the San Francisco peak, which is the highest mountain in that neighborhood. All went willingly except the turkey gobbler. He went very reluctantly and as the water rose he went down into the edge of the water, and there he strutted and gobbled, and defied the flood. But it continued to rise until the mud settled on his tail and held him fast so that he could not get out. But the turkey family could only be preserved by releasing this bird, and so the Great Spirit, through his power lifted him out of the mud and placed him on the top of the peak.

Now as the man tells this story to his boys and girls he says to them: This is why you must never gobble, never strut, never pretend anything but that which you are. Think slowly, but when your thoughts are once concentrated act quickly. Be slow to make friends, but be true to those you have. Can you beat that for these Boy Scouts? It appears to me to be an ideal that is worth while, and do we not see examples of that strutting turkey gobbler almost every day of our lives?

**T**ODAY the more than human element is visible in our creed The life of the Prophet Joseph Smith is a testimony to all the world of the inspiration of God to that man. A young man without education, predicting the war between the North and the South! He prophesied that we would be driven from state to state, from county to county, and from city to city, and eventually be driven to the Rocky Mountains; that the saints, would continue to suffer much affliction, many would be put to death, others would lose their lives in consequence of exposure and disease; and some would live to assist in building cities and making settlements and become a great and mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. He requested that this prophecy be recorded, and it was recorded in the journal of Anson Call.

—Pres. Heber J. Grant

I WAS in St. George, a little town where the greater part of my life was spent. Early in the morning I arose and walked out to the cemetery. I stood there by the graves of my parents. I walked up and down those narrow streets and read the names inscribed on the tombstones. There was not a name that I did not recognize, not a person whose life had not influenced mine for good that I could remember. I thought of the devotion of those men and women, of the sacrifices they had made. They were my Sunday School and day school teachers, who framed the beginning of my life. They lived and died for ideals. Their faith in God, their faith in the opening of this Gospel dispensation, the purpose of it, the redemption of human kind which was to come through it, was unwavering. These are the ideals they taught me, that they lived for and which they died for, all of them in poverty. I heard Erastus Snow say, who was in the vanguard of all the accomplishments in that region, that there were times when he had not money enough to buy a postage stamp, but he had riches that the wealth of the world could not purchase.

SO I thought as I walked down those lanes, with God's help I will never do a thing that shall bring discredit on those good men and women, and I know that my experience there was the experience of every one of you. If you will go into the cemetery in the town where you live you will think of your father and your grandfather, of the thing that brought them here; you will understand then what the ideals of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are.

God help us to exemplify them in our lives. If we do they will lead us back into the presence of those who have passed on before, into the presence of Christ our Lord. God bless you, my brethren and sisters, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

## PRESIDENT CHARLES W. NIBLEY

IT is indeed gratifying to note the great interest that our young people have in these conferences.

This organization that you are tribe of Indians in the Unit-



connected with—I mean the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—is the greatest thing in all the world. Every other system, every other organization sinks into insignificance compared to this. Why? Because it is the bearer of a direct message from the Eternal Father, miraculously sent. It is not of the wisdom of man; it is the wisdom of God.

You who are gathered here, you young people, and some older ones, your parents came here believing with all their hearts in this message of Mormonism. They heard it in the simplest kind of way, by the testimony of humble men. These men as a rule were not educated, not cultured, but, they had in them a strong testimony of the divinity of this thing called Mormonism.

THEY told their story in a simple way. Generally speaking, it was the poor who heard the message, the poor were gathered in, and the poor have accomplished what we see. They came here because of certain convictions, such as St. Paul sets forth in one of his epistles. St. Paul was acquainted with the philosophies of men; he was learned; but he had received such a divine witness in his soul that he cast aside the philosophies of men and his own wisdom and learning for the one thing that was then above all other things with him and that was Christ and him crucified. He said to the Corinthian Saints:

"And I, brethren, when I come to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

"And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.

"And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

IN like manner there has come to the world in this our time a message which it is our duty to preach and deliver to the world. You young people, on your shoulders the responsibility will fall to carry this message unto people all over the earth. And, like Paul, you will go determined to know nothing else, for it is the supreme message of the present age. Of course, it is commendable to seek wisdom in all good books. We

are told to do so in a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith—even by study and by faith. Do not forget that part of it.

IF there is anything that is lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, anything that makes for the growth and development and betterment of mankind, we seek after those things. But we need not waste much time seeking out the philosophies of men. Indeed there is not much time to waste, for this is a day of warning and not of many words.

The time is short. The hour is present. The Gospel must be preached, not with enticing words of men's wisdom, but by the power of God. For you have something to give which the world, with all its philosophies, has not. You have the Priesthood, the power of God unto salvation, the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

SO that this mysterious power, which men can understand only by the Holy Ghost, is given to this Church; and by that power we may build up a better civilization than can be found anywhere else in the world. Nothing of good that anyone outside has is lost to us. The philosophies of men that are good and that lead to good, we have them. They are here. We do not need to seek for them. But the key to the knowledge of God they have not. We have it from on high. That is what you young men and you young women who go out as missionaries are expected to preach, as Paul did. He could have talked about the philosophies and theories of men until doomsday. But the one thing that he eternally talked about, and the only thing, was Christ and him crucified. That was new. They did not believe it. It was the supreme message then.

In the last chapter of the Book of Mormon the Lord holds out a challenge to all the world. I must read it. The Lord is speaking here of this miraculous work that is to come forth in the last days:

WHEREFORE, I the Lord \* \* \* also gave commandments to others, that they should proclaim these things unto the world; and all this that it might be fulfilled, which was written by the prophets—The weak things of the world shall come forth and break down the mighty and strong ones \* \* \* .

"And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ; if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you by the power of the Holy Ghost."

AND that, my young brethren and my young sisters and older brethren and sisters, is the message of Mormonism. It must be preached in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, which enlighteneth the heart and convinces the soul of the truth of the Gospel.

Above all things, my young brethren and sisters, as the ideal of Mormonism, in your preaching and teaching, sincerity first. First know the truth. No man can teach the truth of this Gospel unless he first believes in it. The Lord requires sincerity of heart. The power of the Priesthood is the power of God unto salvation. I say it again, that is what we have to give, and it is beyond anything which the world has. That is the power that has built up this Church. Not the power of man at all, nor the wisdom of man, but the power of God, the power and spirit of revelation.

LET me read another item from the Doctrine and Covenants. This was given at a time when Oliver Cowdery was assisting the Prophet in bringing forth the Book of Mormon:

"Yea, behold, I will tell you in your mind, and in your heart, by the Holy Ghost, which shall come upon you and which shall dwell in your heart.

"Now, behold, this is the spirit of revelation; behold, this is the spirit by which Moses brought the children of Israel through the Red Sea on dry ground."

THIS is the spirit, I want to testify, that guides this Church today. The power of the Holy Ghost is manifest through President Heber J. Grant as it was through the Prophet Joseph or Brigham Young, or John Taylor, or any one of those who followed the prophet as presidents of the Church. It is not the power or wisdom of Heber J. Grant, not at all. But he is the man called at this time to be a prophet, and by the spirit of revelation, and the power of the Holy Ghost resting upon him the Church is guided. By that power we conquer. God bless you. Amen.

# POETRY

## Aspen

By Grace Ingles Frost

LOVELY, slender things are they,  
Like sylph-formed dryads standing  
in a row  
With all the pristine gladness of youth's  
day,  
Their quivering, wind-blown tresses  
gleaming through—  
Tresses wherein nestle golden wings  
Whose silver-fleeced throat exultant  
flings  
Unto the breeze a matin ecstasy.

Satin-gowned, to me, they seem to be  
Reflecting here and there a sheen of  
sun  
Yet they are but each one an aspen tall—  
A symphony of life God's hand has  
spun.

## Midsummer in a Mountain Meadow

By Mark Hart

THE wind blows by with rushing sighs.  
Each leaf, a fan, reflects the gleam  
Of mellow sunshine, soft and cool  
From portal rays of blue and gold  
To tender blossoms—nature's love.

Then stillness holds, as though no breath  
Were wafted through the fragrant space:  
The quiet seems to mock, or jest.  
The wind that's gone, or coming yet  
To play again the leaflets dance.

The breeze, the sigh, the quietude  
Each has its turn as day wears by;  
The evening sun, in sinking low  
Leaves us a melancholy air  
Of sacred thoughts and memories.

## Penetration

By Nina Brinkerhoff

'TIS evening and the sun has set;  
To radiant glow shines o'er the  
western hills  
But far, far in the distant south I see  
The whole glad sky with golden glory  
thrills!

'Tis twilight and a song is sung;  
No answering note is heard from  
list'ners near—  
But on, on where the echoes scarcely reach  
One heart is stirred and banished is a tear!

'Tis night, and through th' enveloping  
gloom  
A whispered word of cheer the stillness  
breaks;  
It goes unheard, until, in God's own time  
Its joyful strain some sorrowing heart  
awakes!

AT a time of year when every-  
thing is warm and dusty in towns,  
when grain is ripe and fruit is ready  
for the garnering, it is a lovely,  
refreshing experience to go into  
groves and canyons, where streams  
are, and cool breezes. Not always  
can we leave home and the duties  
which press from every side, except  
in imagination; and on such a little  
vacation the poems of this page take  
us. "Aspen" is the tree which  
borders the road we travel along  
the way; "Midsummer in a Moun-  
tain Meadow" the time, and our  
destination. The other lines, while  
not particularly cooling in theme,  
carry within themselves the joyous-  
ness of beauty, the exhilaration of  
rhythm.

## The Lighthouse

By Adele Skov

I'D like to be a lighthouse for ships that  
go to sea,  
The little ships with gleaming sails that  
toss so easily,  
Whose compasses get broken so they know  
not where to go,  
And they're apt to flounder on a reef, or  
strike a rock; and so

I'd like to be a lighthouse when the  
billows churn to foam  
And dash aboard the deck, and eastern  
winds begin to moan,  
I'd like to point the dangers out to strug-  
gling ships that be,—  
The little ships that brave the storms, the  
little ships at sea.

## The Rain

By Georgina Eakins

THE rain is a blind man  
How do I know?  
I can hear his cane tap-tapping go  
As he walks on our roof  
On a showery day.  
Tapping and feeling all his way.  
Poor old man!

Sometimes the rain is a horse.  
How can I tell?  
Don't I hear on the house his hoofs full  
well?  
He prances and pounds  
When the winds beat and dash  
And the doors and shutters and window  
sash  
Rattle and bang.

## A Prayer at the Summit

By Lavenia Bradbury Horsley

WHEN I stand  
On the peak of life's hill  
When I've traversed  
The wide sunny slope,  
And my face,  
I must turn to the gloaming,  
God give me  
The peace that's in hope.

Give me faith,  
That's as strong as the oak tree.  
And patience  
Serenity as the dove.  
When she croons  
In the green grassy meadow  
That's kissed  
By the sunshine above.

And oh  
Help my heart to remember  
When my path's  
Hid in darkness and gloom,  
That back,  
Where my feet have once trodden,  
The apple  
And peach are in bloom.

May I see  
As I wind down the shade slope  
The beauty  
In twilight and rest  
And feel  
The sweet joy of fulfillment  
As the sun  
Fades away in the west.

## I Built a House for Hope

By Clive Lovett Cleaves

I BUILT a house for Hope on quiv'ring  
sands,  
And smirking I invited Hope within;  
But she was swift to see the brazen bands  
Wherein I thought to wed her to my  
sin.  
Seeing that she refused my house and fled  
I moped for many an hour in sorrow's  
maze,  
And cursed, and raged, and wished myself  
were dead;  
Yet all I did increased my mental haze.

Then I myself revived and built again,  
And built this time on rock by good  
device.  
I called to Hope, and showed her how by  
pain  
Of action, and by disregard of price  
I had rebuilt upon another plane.  
Then Hope returned and entered in a  
trice.

# Expatriation

By

HUGH J. CANNON

## Chapter One

SINCE childhood days Lilly Nell Redfield had disliked her name—that is, the first part of it. It reminded her too vividly of Dickens' pitiful Little Nell, and so much tragedy had come into her early life that she wanted nothing more of that nature, not even in name. That was a potent reason, though by no means the sole one, why she was willing to change it. Mrs. Nathan Everett was much more to her liking. Somehow it seemed to fit her exactly, at least she thought so. Nathan—there was something heroic about men thus designated,—the old prophet for example, who dared rebuke a king for his sins, or Nathan Hale, and—oh well, she could not remember all the Nathans she knew; but of this she was convinced, her Nate was no whit behind the greatest of them all. He was bold enough to confront a king with his crimes, or he would give his life for his country or for her, and his only regret would be that he had but one to give. She, too, would be a Nathan, in fact as well as in name.

THE young lady sat before the mirror arranging her hair and gazed admiringly at the reflection of a diamond on the third finger of her left hand. Nathan Everett had placed the ring there the evening before, had kissed her lips, her forehead and dark hair. The memory of his touch thrilled her. Each kiss had been as another diamond making up the crown which betokened her queen-ship.

"Being engaged really does make one more beautiful," she thought, and was instantly ashamed of the perfectly excusable vanity. "But," she continued to herself, "I wonder if a newly engaged girl could possibly dress to meet her lover without feeling intoxicated with the strangeness of her own emotions, and such emotion could not fail to increase beauty."

NELL walked to the window and looked out. She was

trembling with excited and almost overpowering happiness. Twilight was coming on, a strange and unnatural condition; it should have been sunrise and the world flooded with light, for the glory which enveloped her was sufficiently strong, she thought, to illumine a universe. How could it ever be dark?

Her exuberant spirits were subdued by the deepening purple shadows, but this composure was akin to the quiet exhilaration of a summer morning's dawn, and as she looked at the sparkling gem on her finger it was not easy to say which feeling predominated—exaltation or exaltation. Perhaps there was a blending of the two, as there is in the heart of one who has climbed heavenward to the summit of a majestic peak, above all sordid earthly cares, and who, overwhelmed by mingled feelings, does not know whether to sit down and cry or kneel down and pray.

THE melody she had been trilling, with musical voice, ceased. A helpless feeling, similar to that experienced by a passenger who leaves the earth in an airplane for the first time, came

over her at the thought that engagement, followed to its conclusion, meant leaving the parental roof. She had not peered that far into the future, and now the imminence of the separation was startling. This doubtless was the cause of her parents' depression, which had been something of a puzzle to her during the day, for she knew they loved Nate sincerely and had willingly given consent to the marriage.

Judge and Mrs. Redfield were not Nell's real parents. They, childless, had found her, a four year old orphan tot, in a far-away Samoan cottage, and the adoption which ensued was both mutual and instantaneous. Now the girl's mind traversed the intervening score of years, and she dimly remembered what an impression the judge's honest face had made upon her. No wonder a witness on the stand could not lie while looking into those penetrating but kindly eyes; no wonder his paternal air won the hearts of repentant criminals. He loved honesty and truth, detested hypocrisy and pretense, and had the rare gift of inspiring others with these same qualities. Mrs. Redfield's character and ambition could be defined in the two meaningful words—wife, mother.

EVEN now Nell could see herself, a shy babe, responding to the gentle advances of the strangers, could remember with what abandon she finally flung herself into the outstretched arms, could feel the happy tears falling on her face and hear the woman's passionate words, "My baby, that I've waited and prayed for so long!"

Recalling again today's depression, which Mr. and Mrs. Redfield had vainly tried to conceal, the daughter's mind was directed into another channel. The attitude of Nate's parents, until recently most cordial, had changed somehow. It was almost imperceptible, but her sensitive soul ascertained her it was real. Certainly they were as courteous as ever, but their courtesy hardly bordered on cordiality. The

### Samoa

YE fair, warm islands of the sea,  
Bring back sweet thoughts of  
memory  
Your coral beach and palm-clad  
hills  
Wake in my soul a thousand thrills.

Oft in my dreams I see thy strand  
By gentle south sea zephyrs fanned;  
I gaze away across the wave  
Where golden sands the breakers  
lave.

My bark is sailing o'er the blue—  
I'm coming back again to you.  
I'm coming back to rest awhile—  
I long to see Samoa's smile.

—Terrance Sylvester Glennamiddy





NELL

difference was one of those things so intangible that only a sixth sense could detect it, and she had repelled any feeling of resentment. It was a trying ordeal, she concluded, for parents to see their first-born leave home, and she determined to make them feel that they were gaining a daughter instead of losing a son.

HOWEVER, while she finished her toilette, the girl decided she would speak with Nate on the subject, something she had hitherto not done, and ascertain from him the cause of their coolness or obtain the assurance that it was purely imaginary. With this thought in mind, she went downstairs and was in time to see her mother make a hasty dab at tearful eyes with a handkerchief. Nell went swiftly to her.

"Mother, you told me my engagement brought nothing but happiness to you."

"I spoke the truth, my child. But in that happiness is a strange depression which you can never understand until your own daughter is about to be taken from you."

"My own daughter? Oh, mother, just to think that I may have a daughter of my very own! But I'll never be taken very far away from you. We three couldn't live if we were separated, could we?" And with an arm about their necks she drew the three heads together.

NATHAN EVERETT had, unnoticed, come up to the open door.

"I hope I'm not the subject of the plot you're hatching," he said.

Nell hastening to welcome and let him in replied merrily, "Indeed you are; mother is half inclined to withdraw her consent to our marriage."

"It's hardly that serious, Nate," Mrs. Redfield interposed, "though we cannot help feeling sad at the thought of having this little girl go from our home, even if she is not to be taken far."

THE young lady at the first opportunity asked Nate why his parents had changed in their attitude toward her. He could not conceal the fact that the question made him uncomfortable, and attempted to evade it; but the girl, made curious and somewhat piqued by his efforts, insisted upon a frank answer.

"I can't imagine what's come over Dad," the young fellow replied dismally. "He's a perfect enigma on this subject, and so is mother. For months they encouraged me to come here—not that I needed urging—then overnight they became as uncommunicative as the sphinx. A little while ago when father saw the serious turn in our affair, he asked me not to be in a hurry, to look around a little, even to go out with other girls. Of course that was absurd. You know how dearly I love him, although he is pretty stern at times, but he was asking too much. I'm of age and know my own mind. However, when he spoke to me the second time, I did give an unwilling promise not to propose for two months, and kept my word, hard as it was."

"Last night I reminded him of the date and said I'd proposed and been accepted. Probably things had gone wrong in the office, for he was as grouchy as a bear, and mother—well, she was upset too. But do you think I could worm anything out of them? Why, oysters are really talkative compared with my parents. I am sure they both loved you and also know you have done nothing to justify any change of feeling."

THE girl was hurt. "If your parents don't want me in the family, they need never have me."

"They've got to want you. Your father and dad are old cronies. I wonder if he can't learn what the trouble is?"

The matter was explained to Mr. Redfield who assured them he would ask for an explanation—even demand it—and that it should be done immediately.

Learning by telephone that Mr. Everett was home and would be glad to see him, the judge left the house. He had hardly done so when Jessie Dean, the dearest of all Nell's friends, arrived. Jessie excited good humor wherever she went and was a great favorite at the Redfield home. The two girls were so inseparable that an acquaintance had asked Nell how Nate would ever find a chance to propose unless he did it in Jessie's presence, and some friends professed to believe it was Jessie who would ultimately receive the proposal. Today, as Nell looked at her friend, she said:

"Jessie, you are so radiant that a stranger would surely take you for the bride-to-be."

"Well, you had better be careful, or I may cut you out and be the bride after all."

SEVERAL hours later, and after the visitors had left, Mr. Redfield returned home. All the elasticity was gone from his step, and he seemed to have become in one evening an old and broken man. His wife and daughter were shocked at the ashy face and insisted on knowing the cause.

"I had hoped to wait until tomorrow to tell a pitiful story," he said, "but distressing as it is I must relate it or have someone less sympathetic do it for me."

"It concerns your parents, Lilly Nell, the parents who lie buried in Samoa and whom you remember  
(Continued on page 711)



NATE

# Bee Hive-Junior Festival

## Curtains Closed

**Cornets:** "Womanho Call" followed by a chorus giving the same call.

## Reader:

**W**HENCE comes this glorious gathering of Zion's favored youth? And why? And what high purpose serves as inspiration for achievement such as theirs? They come from far and near as earthly daughters of a heavenly King. Not to a man-made church do they belong, but to the Savior's own—the one to which he gave his name—the Church of Jesus Christ.

Within the folds of this divinely endowed sanctuary all truth abides in fulness; which those who seek may find and thence enjoy. As in our Father's house are many mansions found, and as all earthly things are typical of those in heaven, so are these in this wondrous Church of latter days, societies, associations, groups; each with specific aim and purpose high, yet conscious each of partnership in one great cause.

In contemplation of the miracle wrought since the first the rays of living light burst forth, a hundred years now gone, the soul of M. I. A. o'erflows with gratitude to God that we its members are partakers of this gift divine.

Four generations now have pioneered the way. With never waning faith they kept the path nor loosed their hold upon the iron rod; and so, in high resolve and proud humility because of our blessed heritage, we dedicate our lives anew, to still press on and on and on.

## Curtains Open

*Disclosing a large bee-hive at back center*

**W**ITHIN our Mutual sisterhood, the first to enter its protective fold, come Bee-Hive girls, in all the loveliness of purity and youth. They come in answer to the Call of Womanhood. (Chorus—*Call of Womanhood*—

Bee-Hive and Junior Girls.) To help the girls build for perfect womanhood is the aim of those who over them preside, that they might reach maturity with understanding heart and mind and know the joy that comes with work for home and all mankind. Romance which shines through every daily task is emphasized and girlhood forgets the drudgery of work that might unpleasant be, and glorifies it. Their symbol is the bee hive, signifying industry. The watchword is Womanho—service for home and mankind. Could loftier aim or nobler desire be planted in the human heart than that provided for these children of the light. If thought be father to the deed what means it, think you, to a maiden at life's threshold to start each day with aspirations kindled by "The Spirit of the Hive" as thus set forth?

Have faith, seek knowledge, safeguard health.

Honor womanhood, understand beauty, know work.

Love truth, taste the sweetness of service, feel joy.

*(Girls have been entering stage gradually and have gone up and into the large bee hive.)*

They are now within the shelter of the hive, and each girl has been touched by the Spirit of M. I. A. Like a great mother she has cast her influence 'round them. Tenderly she listens to them. With her let us lend an ear that we might be partakers of the "Spirit of the Hive." (Chorus—from within bee hive—*Spirit of the Hive*.)

And now with drooping head and humbled heart, give heed unto the prayer of the ever earnest Bee-Keeper.

## The Bee-Keeper's Prayer.

O Father, Bless our swarm of M. I. A. workers.

Let our efforts be as untiring as the bees we are trying to emulate:

Like them, let us seek and gather, and like them store away for the future.

We thank Thee that Thou hast inspired the minds of those who have planned this work for us.

It is a glorious work. Help us to grasp its meaning and appreciate its possibilities.

Under its guidance now may our minds broaden and develop;

Touch our hearts with the true spirit of service;

Bless me, their Bee-Keeper. I know that the success of the swarm depends largely upon me.

May I never be indifferent or careless or grudge or stint in my labors.

Give me, I pray thee, initiative sufficient that I may adapt the work to our special requirements.

I would be humble.

I would be full of love and sympathy for each individual member;

I would strive to understand their inmost desires and ambitions;

I want their love and confidence in return for the love I give to them.

Grant me power, O Father, to guide them from things undesirable

Into the paths of life that are noble and full of beauty.

I would forget my cares. I would go with them out in the open, and cull the lesson of youth from flower and streamlet and mountain.

That we may know a keener joy, a purer faith in thee—

**Reading—Bee-Keeper's Prayer** (within the hive).

Each girl becomes a Builder in the Hive, and could achievement be more glorious than may be wrought through consummation of the Builder's Purpose thus expressed?

As bees bring to their building Obedient and purposeful service So into the hive of life

I enter to do my part.

Faith I have from my fathers

Faith to move me to action

Health I hold in my keeping

Health to guard and to cherish

That life may come to my children

Pure and in limitless power.

When each girl has filled her nine foundation cells and twenty-seven structural and sealed them over one by one she moves from Builder in the Hive to Gatherer of Honey, and continues to acquire from seven fields experience and knowledge.

The field in which she gathers first is religion.

## Enter Religion

*Girls robed in purple, carrying large books of scripture.*

**B**EFORE girlhood entered this field she may have thought religion would be dry, fenced in by dogma and limited by fanaticism. Instead she finds a broad and beau-



tiful expanse, with a trail running through it into the far horizon, into the very heavens, and the crystal stream of truth flowing gently on, bordered by flowers of light and understanding. Here in this field she shall study the history of the Church for which her grandparents sacrificed home and loved ones, and which is the heritage they have bequeathed to her. She shall read of the leaders whom God hath chosen to direct his children, and learn from the scriptures and know for herself the work of the Lord; she shall seek among the events of her life and others for things which will increase her faith and deepen her love for truth. In this field she shall rest and dream dreams and hear the call which will give her courage to face a questioning world fearlessly, and know that she belongs to the Church of Jesus Christ. *(Several girls leave bee-hive to join field of Religion.)*

Within the Field of Home she gathers next.

*Enter Field of Home*  
Girls dressed as family group—parents and several children.

*(Reader pauses until they are placed.)*

TO this field she has been bidden and has obeyed. In part the meaning of the word home she long has known, but in the light of the "Spirit of the Hive" she reads into it a deeper and a sweeter meaning; not a place it is in which merely she sleeps and eats, as at one time she interpreted it to be, but a haven of happiness wherein to learn how to prepare food, and to create pleasant surroundings for the ones on earth whom she loves best. It is a laboratory in which to practice the arts which will help her to know how to beautify the little home she herself shall have some day, and in the learning she shall be guided by those who love her and have high hopes for her future. It is the one place in all the earth where she can go in joy and sorrow and know that only kindness and faith will surround her, to decrease her sorrow and add to her joy. *(Girls come from hive enter field of Home.)*

Chorus—*Home Sweet Home—Bee-Hive Girls.*

*Enter Field of Domestic Art*  
Girls robed in brown, bearing loom, embroidery hoops, pottery or other tools for handcraft.

LET the beauty thereof be the workmanship of her own hands." Here in the field of Domestic Art shall she learn the glad content which comes with work done by the hands. To see materials change from dull uninteresting things to ones of lovely distinctiveness, will lend fascination to her every task. The fun of visioning, the pleasure of planning, the thrill of creating, and the joy of completing, will bring into her days a new pride and gladness. *(A few Bee-Hive Girls come from bee hive to enter field of Domestic Art.)* All that she makes in this field will become real and alive to her, for she shall stitch bits of imagination into all that she does. Into the golden fabric of the future she will embroider the designs of the heart, and secrets only half defined and never half revealed she will weave into pattern sweet and beautiful. She will glimpse afar off her handiwork when she makes her bridal robes. Before that time comes, to know how to do all these things well, shall be her task.

*Enter Field of Out-of-Doors*  
Girls dressed in green, carrying leaves or flowers, and a couple of children dressed as butterflies.

WHAT a marvelous field is this in which to gather honey—the field of Out-of-Doors. How wide its gates will swing to welcome her and unveil for her its hidden beauties. Long she has known the glory of the earth, but from this time on she will vision its many glories. The pink of dawn and the gray shadows of the dusk; the sunset turning waters into liquid gold and fire; the birds, the bees, and all winged creatures of the air; the flowers, the trees and all that root upon the earth; the sky above, by day with floating clouds and high bright sun; the glory of the storm; and still at night the shining peace of moon and stars. 'Tis true from these shall come into her heart, a knowledge that God lives and all is well. *(A few girls have been coming from the hive into the field of out-of-doors.)*

*Enter Field of Health*  
Girls dressed in deep red and carrying red streamers.

HEALTH is a part of her heritage. The color for this field is red, telling of the life's blood that is flowing through her veins. The symbol is a girl in the act of diving, reminding her that clean and happy recreation will help her to acquire grace and poise. She shall keep her skin clear by the aid of food and water pure, eyes bright with sleep enough; heart warm with lovely thoughts and high resolve. In this field she shall gain new knowledge, new vision and new desire to keep strong the body which has been entrusted to her keeping, the palace in which lives the soul of a daughter of the King. *(Girls from hive arrange themselves near field of Health. Dance —by field of Health.)*

*Enter Field of Business*

THE truth of the old adage, "Waste not, want not," she will learn in the field of Business. Reluctantly she may enter this field, for she may fear to face its cold methodical facts, its uninteresting, uninspiring precision, but how amazed she is to become to find that there is a glowing joy in learning what to do and how to do it well. Earning, saving, paying to the Lord an honest tithe—these will arouse in her strange triumph, gladness, pride. She will find that order is a delight, method a marvel, and accuracy will impart a sense of power never guessed by her before. In the field of Business she may find quiet understanding and contentment that is a part of efficiency. *(Several girls from hive come to field of Business.)*

*Enter Field of Public Service*  
Bee-hive Girls with red, white and blue bunting.

THIS is the field of Public Service, represented in colors red and white and blue. Red is for the courage it requires to face great problems and solve them for humanity; white is the flower of purity which blossoms in the hearts of those who turn their efforts into channels of public service, blue is for the truth and loyalty to right which grows and develops and increases as service to others is rendered. Here she shall



pledge allegiance to her city, her state and her country.

*Enter the Flag Bearer Holding the American Flag*

Music—Red, White and Blue—Organ.

Cornets—"Womanho Call."  
(Bee-Hive Girls leave Fields.)  
Chorus—repeats "Womanho Call."

Chorus—All Bee-Hive Girls.—  
"Bee-Hive Cheer Song" and "Song of Joy."

Bee-Hive Girls from fields make Bee-hive formation. All girls in uniform fill hive in solidly, all singing two above named songs as they move about.

Chorus—Honey Gatherers' Song—Girls in hive formation.

Curtain

Chorus repeats.

Cornets—"Womanho Call"—  
Chorus repeats.  
Cornets repeat (muted, as though echoing.)

Curtain opens to soft music on stage bedecked with roses. At rear is a door, leading into a chapel.

Reader:

From two years' training in high ideals, in lofty symbolism and rich achievement, our Bee-Hive girl is graduated to the realm of Juniorhood. Her outward vestments and insignia she carefully preserves, we trust, and lays aside in treasured chest, with many lovely memories; but into this new sphere she brings with her the sweetness of life's honey stored in mind and soul; the brightness of the sunshine she absorbed while fitting on from field to field in Bee-Hive land.

In eagerness we Junior girls give welcome and with outstretched arms encircle them with flowers, with garlands of sweet roses, to signify the tie that binds our hearts to theirs. (Meet Bee-Hive girls place garlands about their necks.)

Here are seen the Junior girls under the inspiration of religion, watched over by the Spirit of M. I. A., by study and example guided along the way of Gospel ideals, to gain a testimony, a faith to live and learn.

(Soft music.)

The Junior girl is likened to a blossom in a garden of rare flowers, when youth sees life in roseate hues and in her joy of life she seeks to make life beautiful.

Just blooming into womanhood, she typifies the opening of a lovely rose which is her chosen flower.

She plants and tends them, gathers blossoms to adorn our sanctuaries. (Soft music continues. Reader pauses while girls carry armful of flowers into chapel.) She takes these "stars of earth" to cheer the sick and banish gloom of death. (Other girls follow, helping old lady into church.) In bringing beauty into others lives, she finds enrichment for her own. Appreciation for the beautiful unfolds with each experience and thus is wrought the project of the Junior group. (Pause. Curtain closes momentarily, then opens again.)

The magic of the travelogue has cast its spell on many hundred girls. But few might ever visit foreign lands and so the customs, scenery, and traits of countries other than their own have come to them. (Girls dressed to represent all nations file in from either side of stage and form in rows.)

Missionaries of near and by-gone days have brought for us to see, rare keepsakes of material things, and from the storehouses of their memories, rich treasures of experience have come. The tourist, too, and native convert have given much of interest to enrich our travel course. From cherry blossom land—Japan—come stories of much skill. Much courtesy and courage, too, from China quaint with ancient wisdom's lore. From northern lands of midnight sun has other knowledge come, as from the far-famed islands of the southern seas. From ancient sacred peoples of this land, a part of Israel long lost. Great Britain with its many groups, a harvest rich has yielded. Central Europe with its peoples of France, Ger-

many, Denmark, the low Netherlands, high Switzerland and Slavic nations each are here presented, for with enlightenment comes new sympathy, and education of the heart as well as mind, which is true culture.

(Curtain for a moment)

The Drama, too, now added lends opportunity for uplift. Through fantasies and fancies of this alluring art youth, our hero worshippers, strive to emulate the virtues of all the splendid characters they seek to personate.

(Drama tableau.)

The dance when kept in atmosphere of graceful rhythmic motion teaches poise; harmony of expression, and adds its own full measure toward development of charming perfect womanhood. (Dance tableau.)

What maiden has not had heart questionings unsolved, longing to understand the mysteries she finds in life and all its varied problems, and yet she shrinks to bring them forth lest hearts less sensitive, may fail to understand. But the wise question box receives them with no curious glance or laugh derisive, thence anonymous to pass to sympathetic souls who give as best they can, the answer, and contentment to the girl. (Girls approach large box and drop folded papers in.)

But these are all diversions—book, travelogue, music, dancing, drama, and question box are but additions to the main building which our Junior girls are rearing. The yearly course of lessons forms its strong foundation and its superstructure. Each brick and stone is chosen with the greatest care. Once "Stepping Stones to Faith" were used; again, "The Teachings of the Master;" "Ideals of Home and Home Life" and now "Believing and Doing" and thus they raise the building tier on tier, and when the glorious edifice is done, across its front, emblazoned in pure gold, will be the one word "character."

And now the music of our choruses with one accord acclaim, "It's Joy to be a Junior Girl of Glorious M. I. A. (Curtain as chorus sings.)

THERE is sufficient reason to cause hair-pin manufacturers to look doleful.

Heavenly sunshine is necessary to the growth of flowers of the fields, mental sunshine is necessary to the development of talents of the mind.

No matter to what social, political or financial heights a man climbs, his wife can always call him down.

When you find a woman who pities herself, you may be sure she has very little else to do.—Dorothy C. Retzlaff.

# A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

By MILTON BENNION

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## IX

### The Spiritual Aim of Education

What Is the Major Purpose of Education?

What Part Does the Teacher Play in Realizing This Purpose?

What Is the Place of Education in the Social Order?

IT has long been recognized that development of moral character is the chief aim of education. Just now this purpose of education is receiving more recognition than it has heretofore in this generation. This recognition of the importance of education for character is still growing, and bids fair to over-shadow all other aspects of education as a public responsibility. Whether or not this is good depends somewhat upon how character is conceived. Is it to be regarded merely as conformity to an established order? As obedience to negative commandments? Or as obedience to the laws of the state? Any one of these, and especially the last, seems to be moral burden enough for many people nowadays. But, in fact, all of these combined are quite inadequate to the demands of character education. Such education does call for conformity and obedience in all of these matters in so far as the established order, the negative commandments, and civil laws are for the ultimate best good of mankind. Assuming that this is the case, is there anything more needed in order to realize the highest type of moral character? Yes, much remains to be done. This will include development in each individual of all the creative spiritual activities of which he is capable, and the direction of these activities toward the highest and most permanent welfare of humanity.

THIS is not a static world, but one of perpetual growth, of

unending progress. This progress is, however, now dependent, in large measure, upon the enlightenment and the goodwill of individual men and women, and of the social institutions of which they are the constituent members. Should the world become entirely free from crime, a seeming miraculous achievement at this time, there would yet be unlimited opportunity for social progress and character growth. With the development of a keener public conscience some things now tolerated may become crimes, as already illustrated in child labor and other labor laws, as well as in the prohibition of traffic in narcotics, intoxicating drinks, and prostitutes. In any case there are and, so far as we can see, always will be unlimited opportunities for progress in spiritual attainments. It is just this kind of progress on the part of the individual, including a growing disposition to extend these spiritual values to all mankind, that constitutes character education. In this sense of the term there can be no danger that character education will become narrow or one sided. It will not and cannot properly neglect any essential aspect of education. Whatever educational tools are necessary will be provided. Whatever practical knowledge is valuable will be

taught. Whatever skills are needful will be acquired. Health education, vocational training, and recreational activities of the right sort and in due proportion; all of these will be essential parts of a character education program. Such a program consists much less in its particular content than in its spirit and purpose. Many of the same laws of health and efficiency may be taught and practiced in the training of a pugilist for a brutal contest as are taught and applied in training the most sensitive individual for the highest spiritual achievements. One youth may learn a vocation with no other purpose in mind than to give the least he can for what he gets, the greatest material gain with the least effort. Another youth may learn the same vocation as a means of rendering his best services to his fellowmen, and, at the same time, as a means of bearing his own economic burdens. One youth may become addicted to sport as a major occupation; another may use it only as a means of renewing, of re-creating, his physical and mental powers.

IN the course of education how is a teacher to know which way the pupils are drifting? In case the teacher does not care he may not know. In case he is himself inclined toward the first alternative in each of the series here listed, so far as he is concerned, pupils are likely to drift with him. In case he is inclined toward the second alternative in each case, his influence will draw the pupils in that direction. The ideals, attitudes, and purposes of the teacher are more potent factors for character education than is his knowledge. Yet knowledge is necessary, and the more thorough-going the better, other things being equal. It has often been said with respect to education: "Instruction does much,

THE author was chairman of the Character Education Committee of the National Council of Education and the National Education Association 1920-26; the report of this Committee was published as U. S. Bureau of Education Bulletin (1926) No. 7. He was also chairman of the committees that prepared the Character Education Supplement to the Utah State Course of Study 1925, revised edition 1929.



but inspiration does everything."

Will education for character as its major objective interfere with development of the special talents of genius or with rapid acquisition of knowledge on the part of pupils of superior intelligence? No, on the contrary, it calls for the reverse of this. Just as each individual is under moral obligation to develop in the highest degree his own capacities and to utilize his abilities in the service of mankind, so is the teacher morally bound to give each pupil every possible assistance toward realizing these ends. To whatever extent both pupil and teacher are successful in these purposes to that extent character education is being realized. A genius in any form of fine art may thus develop his art in the highest degree and keep it on the highest plane—the plane where it will not only satisfy the sense of beauty in mankind generally, but will do so in a way that will be harmonious with other ultimate values, such as developing appreciation of the true and the good. The genius in pure science will idealize the truth as an objective to be pursued with diligence and reverence but without detracting from other values. The genius in applied science will seek to give the world the results of his inventions or of his professional practice for the greater convenience, safety, comfort, or happiness, but never to the detriment of mankind. In the fields of social philosophy and of religion, the especially endowed, be he philosopher or prophet, will seek directly the highest good and the best methods of realizing that good by all mankind. To seek anything short of this would at once brand such a would-be spiritual leader as a mere sophist or as a false prophet.

Character education as an objective does not tolerate a mere dead level of attainment on the part of pupils, it rather calls for attainments in proportion to abilities and opportunities, and in kinds most in agreement with individual endowments that are harmonious with social needs.

### What Part Does the Teacher Play in Realizing This Purpose?

IT has already been indicated that the personality of the teacher is a major factor in educa-

tion. No other factor is comparable in importance with this. It should, therefore, receive first consideration. It is a major responsibility of society to see that youths of superior ability and character, and of such other qualities of mind and body as are essential constituents of a teaching personality, are induced to select teaching as a vo-

*IT is perhaps natural that some, lured by the prospects of ease and pleasure, should count the hours of leisure, and not the hours of work, as the most attractive part of life. But education must not fail to impress upon our children that all worthy work is to be respected, and that no man is to be held in respect unless, in accordance with his talent, he finds some way of justifying his existence through work.*

—Gov. Alvin T. Fuller.

cation and to qualify adequately for the practice of teaching as a life profession, a life's work surpassed by none in its importance to mankind, in its opportunities for the finest spiritual service, and in the consequent joy that goes with such service. The first requisite to this end is for teachers now in service to develop this point of view and attitude toward teaching. They, at least, should respect their profession. Next it will be necessary to modify the public attitude toward teaching. Any thoughtful person must realize that if teachers are not, next to parents, the greatest factors in determining the character of children, then the schools are not performing adequately their proper functions. It is ultimately the responsibility of the public to see that they do. In some communities the office of the teacher is highly respected. It is not so in all communities, nor with all citizens in most communities. This is one reason why some young people of superior abilities, and otherwise by nature fitted for admission to a teacher training institution, are diverted to other professions or to business. It is a very general human characteristic to be influenced in the selection of a vocation by the esteem or want of esteem in which any proposed vocation is held. The slighting remarks, sometimes coming from persons who should know better, about "pedagogues" and "old maid" teachers are not without influence in lowering teaching as a profession in the eyes

of youth. This is not a plea for respect for any particular teacher who does not personally deserve respect. It is a plea for respect for the teaching office, a plea for a public policy toward education, that will encourage the fit to enter the teaching profession and will exclude the unfit. Personal fitness for this office will include, in addition to superior mental ability, physical health, freedom from physical deformity, a well poised mind, a kindly disposition, a sympathetic understanding of young people and an intense interest in their development into the highest type of men and women. This will necessarily involve also an interest in community life, and especially in all those community interests that affect the moral welfare of youth. When teacher-training institutions can be supplied with students of this type, and can themselves be provided with an adequately trained teaching staff having the same characteristics, education will be well on the way toward its ideal destiny.

THE young students who enter a teachers' college will, of course, have to have time to acquire essential forms of knowledge, both academic and professional, and to train under supervision in the practice of teaching. At the same time they will attain greater mental and social maturity, acquire deeper insight into human nature and social values, and otherwise advance in that practical wisdom so essential in their profession as teachers. Four years of college is not too long a period for such training as the minimum qualification for teaching in any division of the public school system. For the more responsible positions a longer period of training is necessary.

What, besides want of general public respect for the office of teaching, stands in the way of realizing this ideal? A factor closely allied to this is inadequate financial reward. Not that teaching should be a profession in which one may accumulate a fortune; such a condition might attract the sordid, and tend to place financial reward before service, an attitude out of harmony with this profession. Present practice in the financial support of education is, however, the reverse of this. Many able young people would have to go in debt to secure four years of college



and professional education. With present salaries for beginners it would seem impossible to pay such debts, and at the same time keep up the standards of the profession. In addition young men often find it impossible on their salaries both to maintain their professional standards and to marry and support a family. In some school districts women are severely penalized for marrying. It is remarkable how some people would forever fasten upon teachers the medieval ideals of "poverty, chastity, and obedience;" chastity in the monastic sense of that term.

Small as the pay is there is in some quarters a tendency to make teaching appointments dependent in some measure upon the financial needs of the candidate—a charity job instead of a call for the highest available teaching qualifications.

THESE are some of the obstacles that stand in the way of realizing the highest goals of education. They are named here only to draw public attention to the need of removing these obstructions to progress, and of setting up public standards and public education resources that will make possible social progress through education, such as the world has not thus far seen.

### What Then Is the Place of Education in the Social Order?

THOMAS DAVIDSON, a noted American scholar of Scotch nationality, wrote a "History of Education as Conscious Evolution." This is what education rightly aims to be. It aims to set up goals of high personal and social attainment and to devise ways and means for realizing these goals. This, if successful, is conscious evolution. It is the highest type of creative spiritual activity; an activity by which the nature of the individual and the nature of society and of social institutions are changed by conscious, intelligently directed effort. In industry generally conscious beings control and modify the unconscious elements of nature in the interests of man's needs. In education the problem is to direct and stimulate the development of consciousness itself; that is, of conscious beings, that they may

realize ever higher and higher spiritual values, that they may develop finer and more noble personalities, that by cooperative action of these personalities society and social institutions may also be perfected as instruments of still further progress.

While attention in this discus-

OUR major problem is to develop a school system designed to enable individuals to adjust themselves to the social environment in which they must work, and to modify their environment in an intelligent manner.—Dr. William John Cooper, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

sion has been given primarily to education in the schools and to the teaching profession, let it not be understood that this is the whole of education. It has been said that education is the chief business of the state, which includes public schools, public libraries, juvenile courts, and other educational agencies. But even this is by no means the whole of education. Education is the chief business of the family. Home making courses in the schools now subordinate problems of food, clothing, and shelter to the problem of human relations in the home, the care and education of children, and the management of domestic affairs in the interests of harmony and spiritual growth on the part of all members of the

household, including husband and wife and servants, if there are such in the household.

THE Church, too, has come to be primarily an educational institution, with its efforts especially directed toward moral and religious education. This has taken the Church into the field of recreational activities because of the relation of these activities to moral education.

Education has also come to be a large factor in business and industry. The larger business and industrial organizations generally maintain research departments, personnel, and welfare departments, the activities of which are largely educational. It may be added that every employer should assume educational functions toward his employees, not in an obtrusive or offensive way, but in the spirit of good will and helpfulness toward associates.

Every social organization has, or ought to have, educational responsibilities toward its members and toward society at large; but so also should every individual man and woman. The life of each member of the community is an educational influence for good or for evil in the plastic lives of the youth of the community. It is, then, the moral responsibility of each member of society to see that his personal influence is toward realizing the great aim of all education.

## The Flag

By L. D. STEARNS

HATS off! A toast to The Flag! May its power never wane—its purity never be marred by blot, or stain,—this Flag that has blazed for the world a shining pathway of freedom, justice and mercy!

A toast to The Flag—the Flag that wafts the song of human brotherhood from the lofty peaks of the Rockies, straight outward to the Atlantic shore, then on—still on, until its cheery notes encircle the entire world.

A toast to The Flag—the first Flag to spread its red, white and

blue beauty over the vast, illimitable spaces of the North Pole—the first one to greet the dawn in those wild, untenanted wastes!

Yea! A toast to The Flag at this, the patriotic season of our Country's Birth,—to the hopes and prayers encompassed in its folds; to the courage that brightens it; the high purposes that strengthen it; the spirituality that purifies it; the Flag the children admire and the aged revere; the Flag that all, alike, honor and love,—The Flag of our United States of America!

# What is Sunday For?

By THOMAS WEIR

*Mining Engineer*

NOT a few people think that Sunday was designed for pleasure, for baseball matches, fishing parties, or excursions of various kinds. There are others who think the day should have some religious significance.

One can scarcely fail to observe the great number of accidents and tragedies which occur on Sunday. In our scriptural references in this article, we will use Sunday as being synonymous with the Sabbath, and Church as meaning the same as synagogue in Bible times, without endeavoring to make any comparison or trace the origin of either the Sunday or the Church.

ALL are ready to admit that the greatest and best Teacher the world ever had, declared that "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." What did he mean by this? Let us see what he did on the Sabbath. On one such occasion he entered the church and taught many things pertaining to the soul's need. There he met a man whose right hand was withered—useless and a handicap to him physically—Jesus restored this useless member so that it was as sound as the other. This was an act of mercy. The man was cured, because he was where Jesus was, and at Sunday service. Near by, was the best fishing in that part of the world, but he wanted to hear Jesus teach. After the service many gathered around the Savior to tell him of their ills and ask his blessing upon them. He healed them, every one. The crowd became witnesses. So it has always been, that those who meet him for a blessing at Sunday service, never go away disappointed.

On another Sunday he taught in the church and the people were astonished at his doctrine. He had wonderful wisdom about sin and human nature and human infirmities and human needs. Teachers and preachers with the Christ Spirit are doing the things Christ did, in

his name. No one with a soul hunger ever goes to Sunday service for help, and goes away disappointed, if some one with Jesus' Spirit is conducting the service.

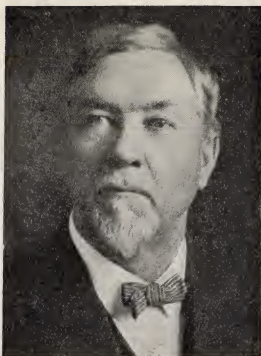
LET us go with the crowd to church where Jesus taught on another Sunday; where there was a man, forty years old, who was born blind. This man prayed for sight and received it. He and his parents testified that it was Jesus who gave him sight. At first he said, "he saw men as trees walking." There were many scoffers at that service and there were many church officers and members who did not like Jesus and who became intolerant and abusive, because this man testified that Jesus had not only given him physical sight, but had come into his soul and given him a sight of sin and the cure of it. The enemies of Jesus would not permit this cured man to enter the church or become a member because he insisted that it was Jesus who had healed him. But he knew whereof he spoke and became a follower of the Savior. Many others who thought they saw the matter clearly were blind to all spiritual truth and intolerant and bitter toward those who believed

on Christ. All this experience is being repeated today, here and there over the world.

Let us search for the origin of our Sabbath. It was out on the desert away from any church or permanent home. God commanded the people through Moses, their leader, to "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"—(not to keep it a holiday). The people and their servants were to refrain from such work as was common on other days. How shall we keep Sunday holy? By doing holy or worth-while things on that day. Let us return to Jesus' teaching. On a Sunday, he said: "What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out? How much, then is a man better than a sheep?" As we would rescue a sheep or brute beast, let us try to rescue boys and girls, and men and women who are so enamored of questionable pleasures and associations, that they neglect the spiritual and become scoffers at Christian teaching and Christian teachers and leaders.

WHY are so many absent from our Sunday Schools and Sunday services? Largely, because they are not striving to keep Sunday holy, but rather trying to make the day one for pleasure, sport or questionable association and conduct. There is nothing that purifies home life and tends to build up Christian character, honesty, reverence for God and parents, more than a proper use of the Sunday. It turns the minds of parents and children God-ward and helps them to resist temptation and choose proper companions, pure things, instead of the undesirable.

By forming the habits of attending Sunday School and church service, we avoid much temptation and cultivate fellowship and friendship with the best of our acquaintances and gradually build up Christian character, and a hunger



THE AUTHOR



for the best and purest in life is cultivated, choose and keep choosing, but always choose the best. God bless you all and help you to choose right.

### Sunday the World's Rest Day

THIS is a title of a book issued by the New York Sabbath Committee. In it appears an article, "Sunday Rest in Mining" by Thomas Weir, from which these excerpts are taken:

A mining town is often a new settlement; is born and reaches maturity in a remarkably short time. At first there are no families, schools or churches. It is simply a community of men, and mostly single men. Almost every man has on his working clothes when Sunday comes. The prospector generally continues his prospecting on Sunday as on other days. The miner works because there does not seem to be anything else to do. The merchant keeps his store open because he gets as much business on that day as on other days, and "because all the rest do it."

AFTER a while a Sunday School is started, and later a church is organized. The Sunday School is usually composed of one or two men, a few Christian women, and those children who can be persuaded to come. The church has a small membership mostly women. The attendance at service is small, because the men work on Sunday as on other days. The financial support is poor.

The missionary minister is discouraged. He goes to the mine manager for financial help, and to plead that the miners be allowed to rest on Sunday. He may get a semi-annual contribution, but usually the minister is told that the church is not doing much good, hence he (the mine manager) does not care to give anything. Regarding "Sunday rest" for the miners, the minister is informed that it is all nonsense to think of it, because the miners would all get drunk on Sunday if they were not working and they would not be fit for work on Monday; consequently, the miners are better off working than resting on Sunday. The mine could not stand the expense of keeping all the machinery in repair and the pumps running, with the miners resting and no work being done.

The missionary then goes to the merchants, to see if they will not close their places of business on Sunday; and they all with one consent begin to make excuse.

FINALLY, the missionary visits the miners, to see if they will not use their influence in favor of "Sunday rest." A few, because of their early training, or convictions, or other reasons, are in favor of "Sunday rest." A majority are opposed to it. Some of them claim they have families to support (either in camp or elsewhere), and that they cannot support them without working on Sundays. But a great many miners claim (and truthfully) that their manager is unwilling to close the mine on Sunday, and that they would be discharged if they refused to work.

Let us investigate some of the excuses given for "Sunday work." One reason is to economize mining expenses. It is a noteworthy fact, many of the leading copper and iron mines of this country observe "Sunday rest." They have to drain and operate deep workings, still their expenses are much less per ton than those which require "Sunday work." We never hear it suggested that "Sunday work" is going to be inaugurated to reduce the cost per ton. The average miner cannot do good work seven days in the week any more than any other class of labor can. He becomes tired out, and works like a tired man. The writer knows of many instances in the mines formerly operated seven days in a week, which afterward observed "Sunday rest," and the result was a large saving in the cost of production, though depth and quantity of water increased.

THOMAS WEIR is a retired mining engineer who has been eminently successful. He is withal a fine Christian gentleman. He operated mines in Colorado and Montana, in Tintic and in Bingham, Utah. Mr. Weir opened the Highland Boy and the Boston Consolidated, now a part of the Utah Copper. From his own experience he is thoroughly convinced that not only is Sunday work a violation of a command of the Almighty but it is wasteful. While too modest to say so the cost reductions mentioned in his article were his own personal achievements.

ONE case (used as an illustration) is a shaft that was sunk two hundred feet (below a depth of one thousand feet). The miners worked every day from the time the work began until it was finished. A few months later sinking was again resumed, and the shaft sunk a further distance of two hundred feet. While sinking the last two hundred feet the miners observed "Sunday rest" (by stopping work for twenty-four hours on Sunday). The same miners sunk the last two hundred feet that sunk the former two hundred feet. The rock showed no change. The progress per day was better, though the general conditions were less favorable than they were above one thousand feet. The total cost per foot was reduced twenty-one per cent. The only work done on Sunday was to pump water.

As to the claim of some of the miners, that they could not afford to lose Sunday wages, we will give one of many instances that we know of. A certain miner, whom we will call Scotia, worked over three years in a Colorado mine, had good physique, was about twenty-one years old, and in good average health. He worked Sundays, and kept a diary which showed the actual time worked during the year. After Scotia had been working in the mine three years "Sunday rest" was adopted. All other conditions remained the same, except that the depth and amount of water increased. When "Sunday work" was discontinued, Scotia was among the first of the miners to complain that he would lose one day's pay each week, and he asked to be allowed to continue "Sunday work." His request was not granted. He continued to work in the same mine, and kept his diary as usual. One year after "Sunday rest" had become the custom, Scotia told the Manager that he found upon examination of his diary that he worked more days and received more pay during the year of "Sunday rest" than during any of the years when "Sunday work" was the custom.

UPON being asked for an explanation, he said, that while "Sunday work" was the custom, he lost more days on account of sickness than offset the number of Sundays for the same time. This experience of Scotia was related

(Continued on page 676)



# On the Road to the Grand Canyon

By PROFESSOR FRANK R. ARNOLD

*Of the Utah Agricultural College*

KANE county is the southern climax of the string of

Utah valleys that, starting with Cache, make the central portion of the state so prolific and divide it into counties. You won't learn much about Kane on the train to Marysvale, for it will be mostly filled with homerolling waves of Sanpete and Sevier people, waves that have reached as far north as down-town hotels in Salt Lake and the Temple grounds. At Marysvale you see your first yellow pines and by that token know the southern border is drawing near. You still have to climb up to Panguitch where the Shakespear family is in high honor, where some of the cattle men have degenerated into poultry men, and where in summer they have the best winter climate in the world. From Panguitch you climb up still higher to the head waters of the Sevier. Then over the divide down through a forest of yellow pine and oak you descend into Long Valley, into Kane county; into the head waters of the Virgin, with the head waters of the Pahreah and Kanab creek not far away, into what Texas and Oklahoma cattle buyers will tell you is the only real cattle country left in the United States, because to them a cattle country is free range and a scorn for the sheep man, as well as cattle to sell.

THE old road to Kanab by way of Alton branches off to the left in the pines, but you had better keep on to Orderville for your first stop. Glendale with its pear trees and its Swiss looking houses covered with mahogany patina will look tempting, but Orderville has all that and more. According to Kanab people Orderville is all gullies and bridges, all Carrolls and Chamberlains, but just the same if you want to get the evolution of this corner of Kane county you had better stop and talk to the chief of the Esplin clan. Although now in

his seventies he has the same keen eye and far sighted intelligence he had back in the seventies when as a young man he was one of the directors of the United Order which held sway for over ten years in Orderville and made of the valley one vast business enterprise conducted by brothers who showed that Christian brotherhood may be made to pay big dividends both spiritual and material. That is the first lesson you learn in Kane county, if you start your Kane investigations by a talk with Mr. Esplin. It certainly was true fifty years ago for although, after the first, families lived and ate by themselves all the land was held in common and all the trades were practised for the benefit of all. "Never since," says Mr. Esplin has Orderville had such varied businesses, such prosperous farms." Early in the seventies the Orderville settlers, who had come from the Muddy country in 1871, were joined by such men as the Carrolls from Heber City, the Gales from Beaver, and the Carlings from Fillmore, all lured by the idea of a brotherhood heaven on earth.

## The Author

FRANK R. ARNOLD is not a Utahn by birth, and doubtless the residents of his native locality would object to his being called a Utahn at all, but he is one, in spite of it. A professor of English at the Agricultural College at Logan for many years, he has made interesting studies and observations concerning the people and conditions of this state which have been new to many who were born here. Mr. Arnold has the marvelous faculty of going into a place and finding there unusual features which others have missed; of meeting people and discovering traits which, lying deep beneath the surface, have been unsuspected. Incidentally Mr. Arnold himself is one of the most interesting of beings, and we are happy to number him among the friends of the Era.

Farming and stock raising, then as now, were the chief occupations, but Orderville had also a cabinet maker, a blacksmith who kept three men busy, a tannery and four shoe makers who made, repaired and exported shoes; a saw mill; a woolen mill; a tailor for men; a community brick oven and bakery; a soap maker; and a school teacher. Mr. Esplin says they were the busiest people he has ever seen. Each family had its home but work was planned by the board and money, what little there was, was handled by it. There was no luxury, no jewelry and though hardly a dozen wedding rings were to be seen the marriages held fast. During the brotherhood regime often as high as 4,000 bushels of wheat were raised where only 500 are produced today. The thousand acres of ranches and close-in farms supported a population of 500 which has today dropped to 400. The only community servants left are Church members and school teachers. No more famous tanners, bakers, weavers, shoe makers nor cabinet makers. Community brotherhood made a good start then but evidently human nature in its imperfect state fifty years ago wanted the incentive of private property ownership. And yet Mr. Esplin finds evidences that modern life is working toward the community welfare idea, if not toward ideal brotherhood. He very pertinently remarks that modern business demands consolidation, that the free timber, pasturage, and game of pioneer days is now being regulated by a paternal government for the best good of all. Indeed the sheep men of Orderville and Kanab who winter their sheep on the Arizona strip wish the public domain might be so efficiently regulated that they would not have to pay taxes in two states and that cattle and sheep grazing interests might not do each other harm. In fact Mr. Esplin has always seen the need of brotherhood in the world

and rejoices that the government is making well regulated shareholders out of us, even if it is not propagating the spirit of Christian brotherhood which made Orderville a unique Utopia for so many years.

YOU still have a hangover feeling of being in central Utah in Orderville, but when you push south, climb the Mount Carmel dugway, traverse the mesas of cedar and sand where the wheels used to sink in to their hubs, when you descend into Kanab itself then you know in very truth that you are in the Colorado river country just as much as if you were in Moab. All is red around you, red mesas, red fields, and red mud tracks on the snow in winter which make the sidewalks look as though newly beheaded chickens, dripping with blood, had besprinkled the entire town. You see red also figuratively when you think of the tourist possibilities of the town as a gateway to the Grand Canyon country to the south, for Kanab sits at the parting of three ways and should profit by it. Arizona has promised a new road down to the Lee's Ferry Bridge. Another road goes straight down to the north rim, past Jacob's Lake where a copper mountain as big as Bingham's and with a four times higher copper content is soon to be smelted down and exported by way of Cedar City. The third road winds across the Arizona strip to the west as far as Hurricane, halting at Moccasin and Pipe springs and connecting the new Utah settlers at Cane Beds and Short Creek with the mother of Arizona colonies on the north. And all the people who travel these highways want to stop in Kanab for a last luxurious meal before plunging into the primitive unknown, or for baths and hotel piazzas on emerging from the wilds of northern Arizona.

They will find much more in Kanab in summer and autumn than in winter or spring. In summer the tourist smacks his lips over Angora goat chops which are often served to him instead of lamb and which he enjoys in his ignorance. One man when he got home to Chicago found he had short changed the Kanab restaurant to the amount of fifty cents and so sent on the money to the restaurant keeper and spoke joyfully and feelingly of the Kanab chops on which he seemed still to be

chewing his cud. Goats are numerous in the county for six herds of about 3,000 each are still browsing there and every man you meet is a goat herder, a sheep herder or a cattle man. Until this year Kane had twice as many goats but has recently sold many to men in Wadsworth or around Cedar City.

IN winter the visitor to Kanab soon finds that Kanab exists solely for home folks and does not bother to grow hot-bed onions nor lettuce for the stranger. He must go to the hotel with the cowboys and expect to live on meat. He will find a most entertaining lot of cowboys sitting around the stove especially at Christmas time when they come in from the Paria and even from the farthest eastern reaches of the county. A recent Christmas fell on Sunday and so the cowboys all went down to Fredonia, seven miles away, for the dance that began Sunday night at midnight. In honor of the eighteenth amendment the Arizona authorities carefully searched all cars as they arrived.

Another big event for that particular Christmas in Kanab was the battle royal in the opera house. Kanab may be 130 miles from a railroad but the town had all modern improvements and devices. Ringside seats on the stage that afternoon sold for a dollar and a half. There were 39 of them. Orchestra seats were only a dollar. It wasn't exactly a Chicago Dempsey affair but everybody had a good time including the manager's wife and baby who had ringside seats. First came two ten

year old Cousin Pughs who spaired in heavy winter underwear, then two older boys held the stage, then came the battle royal between three Piutes from Moccasin, each weighing about 120 lbs., and two white men one of them, a goat herder about 25 years old who must have weighed well over 200; the other, a quick, nimble young fellow with much basket ball experience. Rounds lasted only two minutes, but by the fifth the white men had lost all breath and head work, but struggled on desperately for seven more rounds. All through the battle the Indians were noble Redskins, as small and tough as Japanese wrestlers and far superior to the white man in breath, science, and above all in endurance. No wonder they carried home much bacon in the form of gate receipts.

BATTLE royals, however, are only Christmas incidents in Kanab. If you want to get at the heart of the county you must talk with stock-men, men who have ridden the range as far east as the Colorado, though much of that territory is invaded by sheep and cattle men from Garfield county. In spite of the fact that up in such mountain valleys as Sink, Thompsons, Meadow and Skumpah the best potato crops in the state are grown, and in spite of the fact that east of Kanab lies a plateau of rich red soil 100 by 60 miles in extent which a higher rainfall would make a most productive dry farm wheat district, in spite of all that Kane is essentially a stock country. Notwithstanding a post-war break in prices and a six years' drought



Kanab Meeting House with marble corner stone brought from Grand Canyon of Colorado.



many men in the county have stuck to cattle and have received good prices. There is B. A. Riggs, for example, who has been in the cattle business for 55 years and is still running 1,500 head on the Arizona strip. He is a typical cowman, professional both in rope work and in horsemanship. Many, however, have gone into sheep and it is remarkable that with all the Kane county sheep outfits there are neither Mexican nor Bascos, for the local men suffice as herders. Neither is there ever any need of a pack string, for the sheep men can get everywhere with a wagon. There is still dissension between sheep and cattle men but never as bloody as the western story magazines would have you believe. One of the McDonald brothers, who owns many sheep in the county, says the only way to make peace between sheep and cattle men is to have the government take all the public domain and handle it as it does the national forests. He thinks it would be much better if the sheep and cattle men could settle matters between themselves, but he regards that as impossible.

**CHARLES A. PUGH** of the Kanab Stake presidency thinks that local men could settle it with great advantage to sheep men and that the present range could support many more animals if properly regulated. He sees no reason why sheep should not be admitted to the higher parts of cattle ranges as cattle rarely graze far from creeks or water holes. He, himself, forty years ago took some sheep over to the west side of Kanab creek to the great horror of local stock men who wanted that side of the creek to be sacred to cattle alone. And yet President Pugh argued that there was much unutilized range, as the cattle were not feeding far from the creek. He maintains that better regulation laws would greatly increase the number of stock in the county.

President Pugh holds one of the highest potato records for Utah, having raised 831 bushels and 25 pounds to the acre in Sink Valley during the last year of the war. This doesn't come up to California nor to Scotland but it seems a big record to Utah people and by it President Pugh won the Church prize of \$1,000, as he entered the contest through the Seventies organization and Bishop Israel Chamberlain testified to correct

measurements. He raised them on lucerne land that had already grown one crop of potatoes, manuring the land heavily with barn yard manure from corrals. He attributes his success to the fact that he planted a prolific variety, the Green Mountain, (anything from Vermont does well in Utah) to the altitude of 7,160 feet, to the soil free from disease, and to heavy summer rains. He had a two acre patch but selected his prize acre from the center as according to him "potatoes like company and do better in the center than on the edge of the field." With his prize money he paid first ten per cent tithing, then gave \$250 to the Seventies, and the rest just slipped away. Anyway, Mrs. Pugh says she didn't get a new dress out of the windfall.

**EVERYONE** expects Kane to be a cow county, but potatoes are a surprise. The day of the tourist although beginning as far back as Escalante and the Crossing of the Fathers is as yet far from reaching the highest possible proportions. Just now Kanab with its meeting house set on a marble corner stone illuminated by geology and its petrified trees as turn posts in the road is a unique, self sufficient spot, but it has in it the makings of a summer tourist center that will equal Atlantic City or Tia Juana.

It has historical interest, beautiful surroundings and sunsets to equal anything in their line in the world. The Kaibab Forest with its fascinating herds of deer and its wealth of tree life is not far away, and is a part of the road to the glorious, blue-hazy Grand Canyon.

And the best thing about it it will always be not canyons and live stock and scenery, but home folks of the Esplin, Riggs or Pugh variety.

**T**HOSE who love Nature can never be dull. They may have other temptations; but at least they will run no risk of being beguiled by ennui, idleness or want of occupation, "to buy the merry madness of an hour with the long penitence of after-time." The love of Nature, again, helps us greatly to keep ourselves free from those mean and petty cares which interfere so much with calm and peace of mind. It turns "every ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice."—John Lubbock.

## What is Sunday For?

(Continued from page 673)

several years ago, and he has confirmed it many times since. Many others can testify to the same experience.

Miners who work on Sundays are always tired out. They have little time to cultivate the better part of their moral or social natures. If they have families, they only board with their families. They do not live and associate with the children. The mother must work Sunday, if the husband does, to a greater extent than she would if he rested. Morally, the example of "Sunday work" is very injurious to the family.

When "Sunday rest" is observed, the ordinary drudgery is dispensed with for the day. The parents and children are dressed in their best. The family affections are cultivated and encouraged. The miners rest and are better able to do their work. As an example of this we will only mention one case of the many that we know of. The case is a foreman whom we will call Mason. Mason had followed mining for twenty years in Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Montana, and New Mexico. He maintained that the force he had in a certain camp averaged twenty-five per cent better than the same number of men in any other mining camp in which he had ever operated. It came out that "Sunday rest" had been observed at the mine where he had such good results, and in all the others "Sunday work" was the custom.

**T**HE writer is informed by several operators from different States, who have noted the fact for a period of years, that the actual "time off duty" because of illness, of the average miner, during the year, where "Sunday work" is the rule, aggregates more time than the Sundays of the year.

And further, that the miner who works Sundays (other things being equal) does not have the health, energy or endurance of the miner who works six days in the week. It is also freely admitted that the general character of the Sunday miner, as regards drinking, gambling, and habits of vice generally is much inferior to the one who rests Sunday. Men are more susceptible to temptation when physically exhausted.



# Joseph Smith A Modern American Prophet

By JOHN HENRY EVANS

## II

IN the Smith home is an attic room. It is not much to boast of. If you go to certain parts of it, you cannot stand up straight without hitting your head on the slanting roof. An old-fashioned four-poster bed is in one corner—the kind you see nowadays only in the picture books or in antique-furnished rooms.

Joseph is in bed. There is no one else in the room. He is prone on his back.

BUT he is not asleep. On the contrary, he is very much awake. If there were a light of any kind in the room, even of the tallow candle or a dip or the pine knot of the period, you could see that the blue eyes are wide open and staring. More than likely he is looking up through that dirt roof on the low cabin up into the star-lit September sky, as is the wont of persons who are minded like him. And he could, too, if his eyes were not dimmed now and then by moisture that gathers from somewhere and that he rubs off with the back of his hand. Other times they are brilliant enough.

Clearly there is trouble in those eyes. Has something gone wrong with him during the day—something between him and one of the family? For he is very sensitive and easily upset where his feelings are concerned.

To-night he has gone to bed earlier than usual, after a hard day's work in the field, for he is determined to have it out with himself over something that has disturbed his peace of mind.

AS he lies there, hands clasped under his head, he thinks and feels intensely.

His mind runs back over the last three and a half years since that bright spring morning in the grove. Many things have happened to him. One in particular.

He recalls his conversation with the Reverend Mr. Williams. Mr. Williams is a Methodist minister

in Manchester, and is a particular friend of Joseph's—or was a particular friend. For he had taken a great interest in him during and immediately after the revival.

"Joseph" this man had said to him over and over again. "You ought to have religious experience. Everybody does—or wants to. Folks'll think after a while that you are an unbeliever, an infidel, one of the unregenerates. That's what they'll think. Why don't you come to church to-night, and hear me preach? Maybe you'll get religion there. And that might lead to an experience."

JOSEPH had said nothing—had made no promise of any kind. He was that way. There was really nothing to say, it seemed. For he had in truth not taken any part in the revival. He had not wanted to. Not that he had been unmoved by the revival. He had been very much moved. But he had not "barked" like many of the men there, nor engaged in the "holy laugh," nor fallen in a faint over the descriptions of hell, nor gone to the "penitent bench" to weep and be prayed over. He just could not bring himself to do any of those things. And he wanted an "experience" the worst kind, too.

But he had gone to Mr. Williams' church that night, and he had got something there that led to an "experience." He had heard the minister preach from a text in the *Epistle of James*—which had most profoundly influenced his young mind and which actually brought on the vision in that clump of trees on his father's farm.

AND then, after that great incident, Joseph had met Mr. Williams. He was glad of this opportunity to tell the reverend gentleman of that event, because the minister had really been instrumental in putting him in a frame of mind to receive the vision. And no doubt the preacher, on his part, would be glad to know that something he had done had been helpful to the boy, whom he wanted so much to influence. Very likely,

too. Mr. Williams would be pleased to learn that the true Church of Christ was to be restored to the earth before long.

"Mr. Williams," he had said as soon as he could bring the conversation round to the subject of religion, "I have had an 'experience' at last. And it came about through that sermon of yours the other night, too."

THE preacher was much pleased. He smiled very graciously, for he thought a great deal of this boy, who held out much promise. "That's good," he said; "tell me about it."

So Joseph had told him everything—how he had been exercised over religion, how he had gone to the church that night and heard him preach from the *Epistle of James*, how he had gone home and read and re-read the passage, how he had thought and thought over the words of the apostle, how he had gone to the grove one morning and prayed to know which of the churches was the true one, how a vision had burst upon his sight of the Father and the Son, and how the Church would be restored through him.

The minister's face was a puzzle while the story was going on. At first it wore a look of pleasure. That was when Joseph said how the preacher's text had helped him. But later it changed, till towards the end it wore a very black look. And when he spoke it was with anger.

He said:

"Young man, you have had a vision all right, but it was a vision of the devil. It was not a vision of the Lord. God does not give a vision to any one nowadays, least of all to a boy who does not even belong to the church. We don't need them any more. And as for the church of Christ being restored through you—that is perfectly ridiculous, preposterous! I want to tell you, you're on the road to hell; and what's more, I don't want to have anything to do with you." You can go to hell for anything I care."

And he had got up and gone away in a great huff.

JOSEPH had been thunderstruck. He could not understand. He was altogether non-plussed. What had he done, anyway? He had only told the truth. He had only related an experience he had had. That was all. Other people's religious experiences had not been flouted that way. At least, he had not heard of their being flouted by any one. They had been accepted at once. The more he thought of the circumstances, the less he seemed to understand about it.

When he passed the Reverend Mr. Williams the next time, that gentleman refused to look his way at all. And the next thing he heard was that his former friend had preached a sermon about ignorant boys pretending to have visions these days and putting out that they knew more than ministers of the gospel.

Of course, every one knew whom the minister referred to. For Joseph, in the meantime, had told others of his friends about the vision. That was, he thought, the proper thing to do, because it would show that he was not an unbeliever, an infidel, and one of the unconverted. It put him in the class of the "elect," and not with the unregenerates.

BUT they had treated him with the same scorn and contempt as Mr. Williams had exhibited. Moreover, they spurned him, as one who might contaminate them.

"There goes Joe Smith," they would say, as if that was enough to point him out from everybody else. And it was. What a difference it made how you pronounced words! Before, those four words meant something quite different. They signified, "Come, let's join him—he's a jolly good fellow."

Other preachers, besides Mr. Williams, spoke sarcastically of his vision. They actually warned their congregations against the boy. It was all very strange, and altogether beyond his comprehension.

One comfort there was in it all—that his father and mother and the rest of the family believed him. And, anyway, they knew him best. They knew that he would not make up a thing like that, that he would not lie in so important a matter as religion.

THREE years and a half this life had gone on for him—this life

THE song, "Peace, be Still," brought me back to a little sail I took on the Lake Geneseret. I there opened my Testament and read to my brethren of Jesus stilling the storm on that same lake. I imagined myself back to that time, when he was lying in the boat asleep, and his disciples were afraid they would be swallowed by the waves. As we sailed along our Arab friends were afraid to go far from shore. They said we might have just such a storm any time, and hence they wanted to hug the shore. We sailed near enough to land to have the beautiful olanders drop into the boat. Lessons of this kind should be instilled into the hearts of children. We want them to be able to still the storm of passion, to control themselves. We want them to be trained in our Sunday Schools to have faith and to put their trust in our Master, who has power to overrule even the storms of persecution for our good.—Pres. Anthon H. Lund, Sunday School Conference, Apr., 1903.

of isolation from others whose association he formerly had, of scorn and contempt, even hatred! Often he felt very lonely, always he felt perplexed and grieved over what had happened.

But why had he not received any more communications from heaven? Lately he had thought much about that. For he had been told in the vision that the true Church of Christ would be restored through him. But when? And how?

Maybe it was because he had not lived as he ought to have done. He had been almost forced to associate with boys whose company he would not have sought under other circumstances, and that had influenced him to a light-mindedness sometimes that did not comport very well with the fact that he had seen God and Jesus Christ. Doubtless that was the reason why he had not received any more divine communications.

He was sorry that he had not been better. He would pray. He would confess his sins and weaknesses and ask the Lord to forgive him and restore him to the divine favor.

THROWING aside the covers, he rises to his knees in bed, puts his hands together in front of him, and prays aloud.

It is a simple prayer—simple,

because he is an uneducated boy. But it is an earnest, sincere prayer. Joseph prays only when he cannot help it, when he feels impelled to do so by an inner power and need, by a power he cannot resist. He is not one of those who pray merely because they are supposed to pray.

He confesses to not having been as serious-minded as became one who has seen God face to face, to having thought too little on his great mission in the earth as that mission had been suggested to him in the great Vision. And he beseeches the Lord to forgive him for his weakness in yielding to temptation and to manifest to him in some way that he really has been forgiven.

Then he returns to his former position under the light covers.

HE waits. There is no doubt whatever in his mind that God will somehow make himself known to him. Nor is he to be disappointed. For, as he lies there expectant, he perceives that his room is getting light. Lighter and lighter it grows, till it is like the noonday for brightness. He marvels greatly.

He turns his head and looks about the room. There in front of him by the bedside is the glorious figure of a man, standing above the floor in utter defiance of the law of gravitation.

Over all the room it is light as day, but immediately around the person who has just entered is a pillar of very bright light, which is easily distinguishable from the surrounding light. The head, the feet above the ankles, and the hands above the wrists, are bare as also the bosom, which is not covered by the exquisitely white robe that the visitor has on. It is the figure of a man of middle height and weight. Yet what a man! For evidently he has come into the room, not from the stairway entrance, but either directly through the ceiling or the sides of the building.

AT first Joseph is afraid. For he has not been expecting an open vision this time. Indeed, he has not anticipated the way in which his prayer will be answered. He will be content if only it is answered, for he does not wish to direct the ways of the Lord. The thing has been so sudden as to take him off his guard for the moment



His fear, however, is instantly dispelled when the heavenly messenger speaks. The voice is conciliatory and the manner pleasing and affable.

"Joseph," he says, "I am an angel sent from the presence of God with a message to you. My name is Moroni. I once lived as a man on this continent, but I died, and have been raised from the dead.

"My people were called the Nephites. They, with the Lamanites, are the ancestors of the present American Indians, as your people have named them. They came from Jerusalem six hundred years before Christ. I myself lived here in the fourth century after our Savior's birth. My people were destroyed on account of their wickedness.

"When my people, the Nephites, lived here, they wrote their doings and sayings on plates of gold. These they handed down from one generation to another, till they reached my hands. My father, whose name was Mormon, made an abridgment of all the records of my ancestors, and gave it to me, with other records, to finish, and then to hide away in the earth, so that future peoples, especially those of my own race, might read them and come to a knowledge of their forefathers and also to a knowledge of Christ.

"The time has now come for this record to be revealed. It lies buried in a hill not far from here. You are to receive this book of gold plates from my hands, and to translate the language on it into your own tongue and publish it to the world.

"With this book is deposited two stones in silver bows. These stones fastened to a breastplate constitute what the ancients called the urim and thummim. Whoever possesses these was called by us 'a seer,' and God has prepared them for the purpose of translating the record.

"In consequence of the work which the Lord is about to require at your hands, your name shall be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues; it will be spoken good and evil of among all peoples."

THE angel quotes many sayings from the prophets of ancient Israel—Malachi, Isaiah, and the writer of the Acts. These predictions, he says, are on the point of being fulfilled.

"The time is not yet," he goes on, "for you to obtain the book of gold plates. But when you do obtain it, you must not show it to any one, except as you may be permitted to do so. If you do, you will be destroyed."

That is the substance, though not the exact language, of the angel's message to Joseph Smith on this occasion. And then, Moroni having finished, the light in the room appeared to gather round the person of the heavenly visitor, and he ascends upward through the ceiling in a column of brilliant light.

JOSEPH lies there musing on the singularity of the scene through which he had just passed and marveling greatly over what he had been told, when he suddenly discovers that his room is again beginning to get light. Then, in an instant, the same heavenly messenger is again at his bedside.

He repeats the very same things he said on the first appearance, without the least variation. Having done so, he adds that great judgments are coming upon the earth—great desolations by famine, the sword, and pestilence. And again he disappears as before.

By this time so deep are the impressions on the young man's mind, that he lies there utterly overwhelmed with astonishment at what he has both seen and heard. But to his surprise, the same personage reappears in the room and repeats the same things that he has twice related.

This time he adds this warning:

"In consequence of the indigence of your father's family, Satan will try to tempt you to obtain the plates for the purpose of getting rich. But you must have no other purpose in obtaining them than to glorify God. You must not be influenced by any other motive than to build up His kingdom. Otherwise you cannot get them at all."

THE angel then disappears for the third and last time. Almost immediately Joseph hears the roosters crow, which is a sign that day had dawned. The visitation of the messenger from God has occupied the whole night.

In a little while the boy rises and dresses. And after breakfast he goes out into the field to work with his father and his brother Alvin. But how greatly has the world changed for him!

*ALL Nature speaks the voice of dissolution. The highway of history and of life is strewn with the wrecks that Time, the great despoiler, has made. We listen sorrowfully to the Autumn winds as they sigh through dismantled forests, but we know their breath will be soft and vernal in the Spring, and the dead flowers and withered foliage will blossom and bloom again. And if a man die, shall he, too, not live again. Is earth the end of all, and death an eternal sleep. Not so, but beyond the grave in the distant Aëden, hope provides an Elysium of the soul where the mortal shall assume immortality, and life become an endless splendor.—D. W. Voorhees.*

## Be Fruitful and Multiply

By JOSEPH S. PEERY

THE first great commandment of the Lord is, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." (Gen 1:28.) A married couple who refuse to have children disobey God's first commandment, and will have intense regrets both in this life and in the life to come. In advancing years, to see others have the joy of children in their homes that they might have had will be punishment in this world. In the next life, how can they face their Maker and explain their refusal to aid him in populating the earth? Then in sorrow and regret they will know the full meaning of the words:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest are these, it might have been."

Delays are dangerous. A mother in Israel, Mrs. David Harold Peery, says, "A young couple who delay having children often bring a curse on them so that the wife gets in a condition whereby she cannot have children. If she obeys God's commandment and willingly has children, appreciating this great blessing as a gift from God, the Lord will help her provide for those children and she will make a much better success than the woman who refuses the blessing of motherhood. She will be honored by the community, by her children and grandchildren and by her Maker."

Unfortunately there are some couples who are anxious to have children, but this blessing is withheld from them. Such a couple can have this joy by taking another's child into their home and hearts. They make the child happy and thereby they become happy. They receive the joys of parenthood. They took a child of God and reared it in all care and tenderness. They will receive the compensation of good works and learn the full meaning of the words:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt. 26:40.)



# Abominable Creeds

By J. PERCY GODDARD

Member of the Deseret Sunday School Board

## II

IN a previous article under the above title several quotations were made from Dr. F. W. Farrar's books, "Eternal Hope" and "Mercy and Judgment," setting forth the frightful teachings regarding "hell" that were current in Christendom a century ago.

The several quotations contained in this article seem justified on the grounds that the books quoted are now out of print and are accessible to only a very few readers.

ON the doctrine "that the vast majority of mankind are doomed to endless torments," the following quotations are from chapter five of "Mercy and Judgment:"

"1. Of the case of *unbaptised infants* I will say very little. Their 'damnation' is graciously asserted to be 'of a very slight character.' Still what has been the opinion of most Christian writers since the days of St. Augustine about them?

"Their damnation was affirmed by the second canon of the Council of Carthage.

"At the Synod of Diospolis, A. D. 415, it was made one of the seven express charges against Pelagius that he had taught 'that infants dying unbaptised enjoy eternal life, though they do not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"It can be lightly said," says St. Augustine, 'that infants, passing out of the body without baptism, will be in a damnation the mildest of all.' He condemned the notion of a limbus infantrum, urging that there was no middle place. Any one who was not with Christ could not, he said, be anywhere except with the devil.

"Dante sees the spirits of unbaptised infants in the first circle of the inferno, where they live in desire of seeing God, but without hope.

"The damnation of infants was an acknowledged doctrine of Calvinism. When George Keith impugned the doctrine, Cotton Mather, and other Boston ministers wrote a treatise against him (A. D. 1690), and expressly maintained the reprobation of infants if unbaptised.

It was also the all but universal opinion among Roman Catholics." P. 141.

"2 What have been the prevalent opinions as to the salvation of the *Heathen*, who, even alone, form the vast majority of mankind?

"St. Francis Xavier wrote, in 1552, 'One of the things that most pains and

torments these Japanese is that we teach them that the prison of hell is irrevocably shut. For they grieve over the fate of their departed children, of their parents and relatives; and they often show their grief by their tears. So they ask us if there is any hope \* \* \* and I am obliged to answer that there is absolutely none. The grief which affects and torments them wonderfully, they almost pine away with sorrow \* \* \*

\* \* \* I can hardly restrain my tears sometimes at seeing many so dear to my heart suffer such intense pain about a thing which is already done with and can never be undone.' P. 144.

"The opinion of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, as expressed in their Larger Catechism, is that 'they who, having never heard the Gospel, know not Jesus Christ, and believe not in him, cannot be saved, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature or to the law of that religion which they profess.'

"Again, the American Board of Missions say in their appeal, 'Within the last thirty years a whole generation of five hundred millions have gone down to eternal death; and again in their tract on 'The Great Motive to Missionary Effort,' 'the heathen \* \* \* are expressly doomed to perdition. Six hundred millions of deathless souls on the brink of hell! What a spectacle!' Again, 'The most popular preacher in England has recently asked his fellow-believers, 'Can we go to our beds and sleep while China, India, Japan, and other nations are being damned?' " P. 147.

"Indeed it seems superfluous to pause over the proof that the everlasting damnation of the heathen has been the common opinion in the church, when we find that whole treatises have been written to overthrow the common opinion as to the damnation of even the purest and the most illustrious of them." Pp. 145-6.

DEAN FARRAR then points out that many Protestant

writers have denied salvation to Roman Catholics and Roman Catholics in turn have counted Protestants among the lost.

Quotations are cited from writers who have estimated that out of five thousand or possibly out of ten thousand one human being might be saved.

"Du Moulin, a History Professor at Oxford, published a book in 1680 on the 'Number of the Elect' of which part of the title was 'proving plainly from scripture that not one in a hundred thousand (nay, probably not one in a million,) from Adam down to our day, shall be saved.' Yet not even Du Moulin went sufficiently far for some of his readers." P. 151.

AS to the effect of the doctrine of "endless punishment" we read in the introductory chapter to "Mercy and Judgment:" "I had become aware that the minds of many of the living were hopelessly harassed and—I can use no other word—devastated by the horror with which they brooded over the fate of the dead. The happiness of their lives was shattered, the peace of their souls destroyed, not by the sense of earthly bereavement, but by the terrible belief that brother, or son, or wife, or husband had passed away into physical anguish and physical torment, endless, and beyond all utterance excruciating. Such thoughts did not trouble the careless or the brutal, who might be supposed to need them. They troubled only the tender-hearted and the sincere. They were the direct result of the religious teaching which they had received from their earliest years. To the irreligious poor the common presentment of 'endless torment' was a mere stumbling-block: to the best of the religious it was a permanent misery. The irreligious are driven to disbelief in any punishment, because they have heard the punishment with which they are threatened described in such a way as to be utterly unbelievable; the religious accept these coarse pictures, and are either

*I DESIRE, the Lord giving me his spirit, to declare my faith in the divine mission of the Son of God, who spoke as no man ever spoke; who announced principles and doctrine that no man ever enunciated, and who proclaimed in the clearest possible terms, the plan of life and salvation; and gave his own life and name to the world, as the only means and name under heaven by which man can be saved and exalted in the Kingdom of God.—President Joseph F. Smith, Oct. 4, 1907.*

hardened by them into lovelessness or crushed into despair. Pharisaism and Infidelity are the twin children of every form of theology which obscures the tenderness of revelation, and belies the love of God." Pp. 4-5.

IN chapter four the effects of such teachings are further discussed as follows:

"And unauthorized as these descriptions of hell-torments certainly are,—false as I believe most of them to be,—have they done no harm to humanity?

"To me it seems that they have done deadly harm.

"In the first place they have made it very difficult for multitudes to accept any part of a religion which comes to them enveloped in such a lurid glare. They have raised in many faithful minds an almost insuperable difficulty in accepting the real revelation as to the world beyond the grave. They have created the perfect fear which casts out all love." P. 109.

"Again, they have made good men despair of humanity, despair of life. God said to man, 'Be fruitful and multiply; but if these doctrines be true, they make this the most cruel of all commands, and the animals are transcendently happier, and have a lot to be unspeakably envied by millions of mankind. Bunyan may well say, 'I blessed the condition of the dog or toad, because they had no soul to perish under the everlasting weight of hell.' 'I fancy,' said the pious and able Henry Rogers, 'I should not grieve if the whole race of mankind died in its fourth year.

As far as we can see, I do not know that it would be a thing much to be lamented.' Thus, the belief in these false representations has driven holy Christian men to conclusions differing but little from those of the most advanced and infidel materialism, which declares the existence of mankind to be a miserable mistake." P. 110.

"It was these doctrines which made men think that they did God service by thrusting martyrs to gasp out their souls in the flames of Toledo and of Smithfield. 'As the souls of heretics are hereafter to be eternally burning in hell,—such was the reasoning of Queen Mary Tudor in defence of her awful persecution,—there can be nothing more proper than for me to imitate the Divine Vengeance by burning them on earth.' " P. 116.

"The popular belief in the inconceivable brutalities, which (as they are told) went on in hell, made men indifferent to the guilt and shame of inflicting torments on the bodies of their fellow-men."

WHILE Dr. Farrar discusses such teachings as we have quoted as being the "common view" he maintains that some theologians have advanced a broader view, and then says: "The reason why neither the Catholic Church, nor the English branch of it, has ever defined the precise be-

*THIS is the great truth which I referred to a moment since that Mormonism has to offer to the world. It is a principle that was unknown to men in our generation until it was revealed through God's chosen servant in these last days, the Prophet Joseph Smith. We carry this message in our right hand to the world. We not only tell men of the immortality that shall be after the resurrection, but we tell them of the immortality that existed before their earth-life began. The mists that shroud the origin of man and that perplex the philosophers are pushed away, and behold! we look into a beginningless past, as we look forward into an endless future.—Pres. B. H. Roberts, Apr. Conference, 1904.*

liefs which have been taught by hundreds of individual preachers, is because Scriptural teaching on this subject has left room for very wide diversities of opinion." P. 8.

In the light of this statement it is clear that the biblical scriptures had not been a sufficient guide, and that there was surely a need for new revelations from God to dissipate the "gross darkness" that enveloped the minds of the people.

How grateful we should be that God has made clear to his Latter-day Church that in his mercy and love there is hope, even for the sinner, in the life beyond, after he shall have paid the just penalty for his evil deeds. What a flood of light and wisdom is given to mankind in the glorious revelation constituting section seventy-six of the Doctrine and Covenants. How thankful we should be for the doctrine of Salvation for the Dead whereby the redemption of those who have died in ignorance is made possible.

There have been numerous critics of the "Mormon" doctrine of "hope beyond the grave." Let Dean Farrar answer them: "Nothing is more strange to me than the constantly recurring objection that the Gospel of Eternal Hope derogates from the necessity for the awful self-sacrifice of Christ. It seems to me that the blessedness of that sacrifice is infinitely enhanced if its effects be powerful even beyond the grave; and that our love and gratitude to him is unspeakably intensified if we can believe that even in death he is able and willing to save our souls."—Preface to *Eternal Hope*. P. XIV.

WHETHER through direct or indirect contact with "Mormon" literature during the forty years that the restored Gospel had been preached in England, or through the inspiration of heaven granted to a great and generous soul, certain it is that the light revealed to men through Joseph Smith had reached the mind of the man who wrote these concluding paragraphs to the book, "Mercy and Judgment":

"I believe that God is Love.

"I believe that God willeth all men to be saved.

"I believe that God has given to all men the gift of immortality; and that the gifts of God are without repentance.

"I believe that every man shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall be judged according to his deeds.

"I believe that man's destiny stops not at the grave, and that many who knew not Christ here will know him there.

"I believe that 'in the depths of the Divine compassion there may be opportunity to win faith in the future state.'

"I believe that hereafter—whether by means of the 'almost-sacrament of death' or in other ways unknown to us—God's mercy may reach many who, to all earthly appearance, might seem to us to die in a lost and unregenerate state.

"I believe that the punishment is effected, not by arbitrary inflictions, but by natural and inevitable consequences, and therefore that the expressions which have been interpreted to mean physical and material agonies by worm and flame are metaphors for a state of remorse and alienation from God.

"I believe that Christ went and preached to the spirits in prison, and I see reasons to hope that since the Gospel was thus once preached 'to them that were dead,' the offers of God's mercy may in some form be extended to the soul, even after death.

"I believe that there will be degrees of blessedness and degrees of punishment or deprivation, and I see reasons to hope that there may be gradual mitigations of penal doom to all souls that accept the Will of God respecting them.

"And I believe that to be without God is 'hell'; and that in this sense there is a hell beyond the grave; and that for any soul to fall even for a time into this condition, though it be through its own hardened impotence and resistance of God's grace, is a very awful and terrible prospect; and that in this sense there may be for some souls an endless hell. But I see reason to hope that through God's mercy, and through the merits of Christ's sacrifice, the great majority of mankind may be delivered from this awful doom. For, according to the Scriptures, though, I know not what its nature will be or how it will be effected.

"I believe in the restitution of all things; and

"I believe in the coming of that time when—though in what sense I cannot pretend to explain or to fathom—

*God will be all in all.*"

# Nellie Sue Comes to Her Senses

By

FLORENCE HARTMAN TOWNSEND



NELLIE SUE had risen with rebellion in her heart. She tried to account to herself for her mood as she went to the garden for vegetables.

"It's just that—that—I—well, I don't know *what's* the matter with me."

She kicked the gate to behind her and flushed guiltily at her childish act. She attempted a repentant bit of song as she began gathering the peas, a bit of song that fell flat on the still morning air, and died completely at the end of the first line.

IT was while she was shelling the peas for dinner that the mail-carrier passed and left the flag up. She put aside her pan and went to retrieve the letter and the daily paper. The letter was for her grandmother and she carried it in to her.

"It's from your Cousin Floy," grandmother peered over her glasses to say. "She and Cousin Belle and the girls want to come out for a week. She says if it's not convenient, to let them know, but if she doesn't hear from us she will know it's all right for them to come. But you write anyway, Nellie Sue. It seems more hospitable. Tell them to come right on. I'll be real glad to see the girls. It's been quite a spell since they were here. Your uncle's going to town after a while and if you'll hurry you can get the letter ready for him to mail, and they'll get it tomorrow." "Yes ma'am."

NELLIE SUE went reluctantly to her room. More reluctantly still she found pen and paper. The unrest in her heart was seething. She knew now what was wrong with her world. She was tired of company. And now, more company. More cakes and

pies to bake and chickens to fry and sheets and towels and pillowcases to wash and iron. All summer long Nellie Sue had done these things—for the kinfolk who found the farm such a source of joy and peace and rest in summer. For as many summers as she could remember she had done this—company cooking and cleaning and dishwashing and washing and ironing. Had done it matter-of-factly, gladly, uncomplainingly. There was Aunt Lou and her four children who spent each June at home. Aunt Sara and Uncle Jack who came the first week in each July. Then the two cousins from Wakeford, and other relatives of varying age and degree of kinship, who came for just a day or two. And now the two cousins, grandma's nieces and their two daughters, from Springfield. The two spare rooms had hardly been vacant a day since the first of June, and today was August second. Furthermore, Cousin Floy and Cousin Belle, while very charming and cultured and lovable ladies indeed, were the very hardest of all to cook for. Cousin Belle counted her calories and Cousin Floy ate thus and so, and the two hearty girls ate everything—especially fried chicken and cake. When the latter were babies, there on visits with their mothers, Nellie Sue it was who could be trusted with their formulas and cereals. And now it was still Nellie Sue who could be trusted with the special salad dressing that had no food value, and had to be told only once that Cousin Floy wanted this and that for breakfast and something else for dinner and what not for supper. Always when they left they told Nellie Sue how deeply they appreciated her efforts and what a lovely visit they had had.

They always added, "Come to see us some time, Nellie Sue." Some time! That some time grew more vague with each passing year. There had been a time when Nellie Sue had thought seriously of visiting her cousins in the city; had had visions of attending the theater and a concert, perhaps, and of being entertained with parties and teas. That dream had faded to thin air. She had never seen the inside of her cousins' homes.

Now she looked at the blank paper upon which she was to pen an invitation and her dark eyes snapped vindictively.

"I've been an idiot. All of us have. What do we get out of this but hard work? And in the very hardest season of the year. All day yesterday I canned peaches—thirty jars. All the day before I pickled peaches, and all the days before, back to June first, I've cooked and slaved for unappreciative guests—kinfolk. Not a day's vacation have I had—ever. I can't see that they need it any worse than I, but they never reverse the order and have me visit them. And I'll not be a jelly fish any longer. At last I've come to my senses, and I'm going to make use of them! I'm going to——"

She did not finish the sentence but dabbed the pen vigorously in the ink bottle. It moved rapidly across the white page, leaving a heavy, jerky, black scrawl behind, that was in decided contrast to her usual neat and dainty penmanship.

Dear Cousin Floy: (the letter ran)

Come on if you want to, but Aunt's rheumatism is worse and she's having a dreadful time with her last batch of fall chicks, and—(she paused only a split



second)—I'm thinking of taking a little vacation myself at this time.

Hastily,  
Nellie Sue.

"Well, I don't know but what I *shall*," she confided to herself as she sealed the envelope and took it down for her uncle to mail.

HER sudden desire for change of climate increased in proportion to the heat of the day, so that when night came she went so far as to get her clothes in order, pack her grip, and at the breakfast table she announced her intention. It had taken considerable mustering of courage to manage this. They would all object. The idea of a perfectly well, healthy young woman needing a vacation—in the city! But her determination had grown and with it new desires—or at least desires that had renewed themselves at this slight encouragement. Nellie Sue was going to the city. She would attend the style show at Foster's. Cousin Floy and Belle might smile, remembering her dresses four inches too long and her uncut hair. Well, let them! How could they know she wore them thus to please her decidedly old-fashioned grandmother. Poor grandma, who thought all the young folk but Nellie Sue had gone to the dogs because they wore short skirts and hair! Nellie Sue wanted them as badly as anybody. Hadn't she sat up half the night be-

fore turning up the hems of her frocks exactly four inches? Furthermore, she was going to buy a ready-made dress. The fact that she had never had one was sufficient reason why she should have one now. It was to be very smart and very, *very* colorful! She was going to eat, alone, in the city's most fashionable restaurant, wearing the new smart dress. Nellie Sue, whose most extreme frivolity had been Sunday School picnics, was thrilled at the thought. But that was not to be all. With rising spirits and revolt reaching its peak, she had a more daring thought. She, who had gone to Sunday School every Sunday of her natural life had planned what seemed to her the very essence of wickedness; she was going to the theatre on a Sunday. In broad open daylight, in her to-be-purchased frock, yes, and high-heeled patent leather pumps—she was going. Not a movie, mind you, but a show. She had never seen one, but she would. She neglected to mention her intention to the family lest they detain her by sheer physical force. The style show had been shock enough.

NELLIE SUE tingled clear down into the sensible heels of her sensible oxfords. If she had been sixteen instead of twenty-four she couldn't have felt—nor acted—giddier. And utterly

shameless with it. She even thought of having her lovely hair cut. She was positive she'd visit a beauty parlor anyway, just for fun.

There was not a thrill due her that Nellie Sue missed. She went to a palatial hotel for twenty-four hours and felt like Cinderella. Then she very prudently found a respectable boarding place more in keeping with a cinder girl's purse.

She attended the style show and resolved all over again to own one of those smart and flaring dresses. How chic the girls were, and young and pretty! She bought a frock, quite smart, but hardly so short, after all, as last year's models. The high heeled pumps added a still smarter touch, and when Sunday came Nellie Sue went to the theatre, heavy of conscience, and with a presentiment that punishment for her Sabbath breaking was inevitable.

The show was a revelation. She hadn't dreamed it would be so daring. She looked straight ahead in shocked fascination. She could not bring herself to join in the applause and she found none of it funny, as many did. She fled when the curtain fell, in confusion and relief.

PERHAPS in her confusion she failed to watch her step closely, or perhaps the unaccustomed heels were to blame; at any rate, when a big car came around the corner just as she stepped from the curb, she went down under its wheels with terrifying force, and at the lunch hour, that she had meant to spend in a fashionable restaurant, she was regaining consciousness in a hospital.

A plain little nurse with wispy blonde hair smiled down at her, and then she retreated queerly into space and then was there again. She became conscious of other persons moving about and talking softly. When she tried to turn her head she found it very heavy and very sore. There were energetic pains in her ankle and in her left arm that raced in a frolicsome manner up and down, down and up.

The nurse spoke. "You'll soon be better now. You met with an accident."

"Yes, I remember."

"Just lie perfectly quiet and rest," she admonished, and slipped noiselessly away.

(Continued on page 716)



A plain little nurse with wispy blonde hair, smiled down at her.

# A Centennial Gathering of Youth

**T**HIRTY-FIVE times, in thirty-five years, have the thousands of devoted workers comprising the leadership of the Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints assembled in great conferences. These gatherings have been occasions of tremendous enthusiasm; times of interchanging of ideas and inspiration, and gaining instruction for the work of the coming year.

**T**HE 1930 gathering was outstanding in many respects, echoing as it did the spirit of the general conference in April with its memorable Pageant, "The Message of the Ages," and making its own contribution to the great Centennial Year. This was not only a gathering of officers but of the youth of the Church as well, and gloriously did they avail themselves of the opportunity for expression.

## The Theme and the Slogan

**W**EEKS before the time appointed the Theme for this June Conference—Onward with Mormon Ideals—had been announced and soon became the motivating force, not only coloring all the preparations, but creating a background for the event itself, and firing the participants with determination to make these ideals a vital force in the future.

Growing out of this theme the Slogan for the coming year was formulated—"We Stand for Loyal Adherence to Latter-day Saint Ideals." Displayed on a modest gold and green banner this slogan carried its message into every heart, preparing the way for the forceful address by Mary C.

Kimball, presented at the Sunday morning session.

## Annual Messages of General Superintendent and President

**T**HESE were characterized by the usual deep sincerity and feeling of Superintendent George Albert Smith and President Ruth May Fox.

They expressed warm appreciation for the opportunity for association with the young people of the Church and for their leaders who render diligent and conscientious service in the Mutual Improvement Association.

Superintendent Smith referred to the harmony existing between the two General Boards and pleaded for united effort among all officers in carrying forward the great Mutual Improvement cause.

President Fox spoke regarding the splendid work being carried

on by the missions. She stated that in the European Mission M. I. A. activities are the means of interesting many people in the Gospel and of holding their interest. She spoke briefly on the theme of the conference and read excerpts from the Doctrine and Covenants concerning this latter day work.

## Law Observance

**T**HE M. I. A. has always been deeply concerned with the matter of law observance. In harmony with the ideals of the Church it has endeavored to inculcate in the hearts of its members a deep love of country and regard for its statutes. The Slogans for the two years immediately preceding bore directly on this subject: "We Stand for Law; for the people who live it and the officers who enforce it;" and "We

Stand for the Preservation of our Heritage through Obedience to Law." This subject has also been the central objective of the Adult Department project, the members of that group having worked zealously to disseminate information which would contribute to the development of better citizenship. The younger members throughout the Church also have been encouraged to write and speak along this line, as a result of which many excellent essays and stirring talks have been presented. At an officers' meeting in April the specific phases of law observance—Prohibition, the Tobacco evil, and Safety—were treated under the caption "Vital Problems Confront Us," and the leaders were urged to return to their homes and begin an active campaign for general education in enforcing the law in these respects.



NEPHI WARD, JUAB STAKE  
Winners Double Mixed Quartette  
M. I. A. Contest Finals

Back row, left to right: Clarence Warner, J. Ralph Barnes, Samuel G. Paxman.

Middle row: Mrs. J. Ralph Barnes, Mrs. Robert Winn, Mrs. A. J. Crapo, T. D. Davis.

Bottom row: Mrs. T. D. Davis; Wallace L. Martin, director; Mrs. Ivan J. Golden, accompanist.



When, therefore, this vital subject was again taken up at the June Conference it met with enthusiastic response by the many hundreds there assembled. Oscar A. Kirkham, in his forceful manner, vividly pictured the evils resulting from negligence in these matters and challenged the leaders of youth the Church over to maintain the high standards of their religion and inspire those under their direction to do likewise. With deep feeling he related the following incident: A group of young people were gathered at a certain home. The father of the host, in an effort to promote the festive spirit of the occasion, brought into the scene some liquid refreshments from the cellar. Smilingly he passed it around, urging all to partake. One young man refused. Again the flask went around, and when the second time he declined, the father insisted, remarking, "Take it; it won't hurt you" and the boy yielded. Six months later, this man was called to a court room, where a lad had just been convicted for the killing of a child while driving under the influence of liquor. It was the boy whom he had induced to partake of the liquor. White and tense, this father asked the question: "Who killed the child?"

ELDER MELVIN J. BAL-LARD arose and proposed that all M. I. A. workers pledge themselves in this meeting to the following resolutions:

1. We will learn the regulations concerning liquor, tobacco and safety; and study and learn the laws.

2. We will observe these laws ourselves. This may take courage, but we cannot afford to do less, he stated.

3. We will cooperate in the strict enforcement of these laws. The greatest thing in law enforcement is public sentiment. Let us create a public sentiment for law enforcement.

4. We will do all we can to get others to do the same.

A vote was taken by the show of hands and pronounced unanimous.

The occasion was made more impressive by the presence of the President of the Church. In the course of his brief address he heartily endorsed the resolution passed and strengthened the sentiment



CONTESTANTS IN GRAND FINALS OF M. I. A. DANCE CONTEST

manifest by referring to a vow he himself had once made when standing by the grave of a boyhood friend, the victim of destructive appetite, to the effect that he would fight tobacco and liquor all his life.

This session was also marked by two impressive moments, the first when the audience spontaneously arose in greeting to Martha H. Tingey, former President of the Y. L. M. I. A. upon her responding to the invitation to speak briefly; and the second, when all present stood in silent tribute to the memory of the late Junius F. Wells, organizer of the Y. M. M. I. A.

### Adult Education

ARE people ever too old to learn?

Does education end with the high school or college? What opportunities are open to adults? These were the questions which formed the basis of the discussion at one entire session of the conference. And the conclusions reached were that maturity of years is not a bar to the exercise of the mental powers in acquiring knowledge, that education does not end with school life but that it is a life job; and that the opportunities for adults to acquire education and experience today are limitless. Dr. Lowry Nelson, Dr. A. L. Bealey, Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. F. S. Harris, Mrs. Lucy W. Smith, Mrs. Rose W. Bennett, Director F. W. Reynolds and Director Arch M. Thurman ably discussed these and other phases of Adult Education at

this general session and at a department meeting.

Great encouragement was held out to those who have passed their youth to reach after those things which make for the abundant life. Many contacts and interests should be formed. Continuous seeking after knowledge is in full harmony with Latter-day Saint ideals. The thought that "as man is God once was and that as God is man may become" is a glorious concept of evolution. The Church seeks and desires its members to seek after all that is "lovely, virtuous or praiseworthy, or of good report," and the M. I. A. motto, "The Glory of God is Intelligence" is a constant spur to endeavor and advancement.

### Contests

EXCEEDING everything else in enthusiasm, perhaps, were the contest activities of the conference. The Latter-day Saints, from the days of Brigham Young, have recognized the necessity for recreational interests, and toward this end the M. I. A. has put into its program a system designed to develop and expand cultural activities and put into the lives of the young people an appreciation for the fine and true and artistic.

Preceded by several stages of elimination, the contestants who came to the general finals represented the various divisions of the Church from smallest rural hamlet to the most populous cities. Officers and leaders of the different groups accompanied them, proud of their accomplishments, hopeful of win-



ning further honors but determined to lose gracefully if losing were their lot. Beginning with a luncheon meeting on Friday, attended by representatives from almost every stake and called for the purpose of discussing the contest plans now in force and making suggestions for helpful changes, the subject was carried through the Friday evening dance contest at Saltair, the finals in drama, public speaking, retold story, and music, covering the features of mixed double quartet, male chorus, ladies' chorus, instrumental trio and orchestra, and culminating in a glorious presentation of the winning numbers at the Tabernacle, Saturday evening, and the according of recognition to all who had qualified for first and second places in the various events.

The dancing contest at the Lake was a demonstration of all that was beautiful and esthetic in one of the loveliest of the arts. Girls in dainty dresses, boys in dignified black, united in an exhibition of grace and form and technique which could not have failed to thrill the most skeptical spectator. An intricate dance was performed with ease and beauty almost beyond expression, and the entire event was delightful and gratifying.

Other of the contests held on Saturday were inexpressibly lovely. The drama in which were presented eight casts, included four plays, and produced amateur drama in a manner unsurpassable in some respects. Characterization, costuming, direction and other details had been handled so well that it was difficult to believe that the plays were not professional.

The musical events were what such events should be—full of charm to soothe the savage breast, which was fortunate at such a time of stress and tension. Numbers from various localities in the Church proved the wide distribution of talent and interest, and thrilled the listeners with the power they held.

In public speaking, new heights were reached, for the subject of the slogan, "We Stand for the Preservation of our Heritage through Obedience to Law" opened up avenues of analytical expression not always discovered when subjects are more general and optional. The eight M Men and an equal number of Gleaner Girls accredited

themselves gloriously and shed honor upon the Stakes they were representing.

Altogether the contest features of the 1930 June Conference were the kind to live forever in the hearts of participants and spectators. Not the winning of the race, but the way the race is run is the thing which counts, and surely every race was run most beautifully and with desirable results.

### Social Features

AMONG the most attractive features of M. I. A. work are the happy relationships which are formed in social contact. The annual conference does much to promote these, bringing together, as it does, officers and leaders from all parts of the Church. Exceptionally pleasant were the luncheons given at Saltair, for the thousands of stake delegates in attendance and at the Hotel Utah for Stake Superintendents and Presidents. Warm friendliness, congenial interests, and the spirit of fun and merriment, made both of these events most delightful.

The youth of the organization was given prominent place in the proceedings of the conference, three entire sessions being devoted to the presentation of their activities. The Scouts and Vanguards and Bee-Hive and Junior Girls appeared in lovely programs on Saturday morning, the former, in the Assembly Hall, presenting stir-

ringly dramatic incidents in the lives of Church leaders while the latter, on the great Pageant stage of the Tabernacle, gave a colorful picture of the Bee-Hive in action and of the charm and spiritual beauty of the "Junior Roses." (For details of these programs, see pp. 666-7.)

It was fitting that the closing session should give increased emphasis and impetus to both Theme and Slogan and this was effectively accomplished in the challenging cry "Carry On," voiced in song and sentiment by representatives of the M Men-Gleaners of the Church, 5,000 strong. This was a glorious event, stirring the hearts of all who were present with confidence in the integrity and faith of the youth of "Mormondom." With simple sincerity, yet with ringing enthusiasm they pledged their devotion to maintain the ideals for which their fathers have stood. One, listening, could but feel that in such hands the future of the Church is safe.

Well indeed does the M Men-Gleaner Theme song, "Carry On," express their loyal spirit.

(Song.)

*"And we hear the desert singing,  
Carry on, carry on, carry on;  
Hills and vales and mountains  
ringing  
Carry on, carry on, carry on!  
Holding aloft our colors  
We march in the glorious dawn  
Oh youth of the noble birthright,  
Carry on, carry on, carry on!"*

## Love

LOVE is an inborn attribute of destiny, the holiest emotion in the soul of man, and has its cause in heaven.

Love offers the highest possibilities of man's achievement.

Love is a divine passion implanted by God in the human heart.

Love is the incentive for our best endeavors, and the measure of our final reward. Without love there is no mercy, no justice, no growth.

Sin is not purged by prayer alone or by regrets, but by love. To the extent we love, to that extent are we divine.

Without love there is no virtue, and there is no vice that is not love's destroyer.

Love is the message of God to

the heart of man and the affinity that links his soul with heaven.

When love dies, we die, and from then on until the end comes our years are but the passing of time.

Love is an art supreme, strengthened by cultivation, and grows more beautiful with life's decline.

Love is a joy born of hope, sustained by faith, and rewarded at the sunset of life by the vision of a better world.

Love is the Gospel of the Master for it was he who said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

—LeRoy Bateman.

# Onward With Mormon Ideals

## Carry On

By L. VERL BROADBENT\*

GOD has said, "Hearken, O ye people of my church—Hearken ye and give ear to him who laid the foundation of the earth."

"—I have sent mine everlasting covenant into the world to be a light to the world, to be a standard for my people. . . ."

"Verily I say unto you all: Arise and shine forth that thy light may be a standard for the nations."

"For behold I will bless all those who labor in my vineyard with a mighty blessing. . . ."

"Behold I have said it. . . . Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word will never pass away. . . ."

From the beginning until today we have seen that God has called his people to carry on his great

and endless work. From the council of the Gods to Adam came the call to carry on. To him as he was cast from Eden, again the call—carry on. From out of bondage God delivered the children of Israel and bade them carry on. Amid the thunder and lightning of Sinai he bade them again to carry on. To Nephi in the wilderness, in search of the promised land, again the clarion call. From generation to generation through the centuries, that call has sounded unto all peoples—carry on—carry on!

THE prophets heard it and obeyed. The Christ answered it with his life. Its everlasting melody penetrated the hearts of his disciples and they in turn have sent it forth even unto our own day. Into the very soul of the Saints it burned its way and was answered

in an unparalleled trek across America to the great American desert, and then in fruitful fields, beautiful cities, great institutions of learning and magnificent temples to the Most High. For century upon century, over land and sea, its echo has rung forth, calling Israel out of the nations, and gathering them unto Zion, into the valleys of these mountains.

And now unto you, M Men and Gleaners, unto you the call is given—carry on! For the sake of those who went before, carry on. For the sake of those who will follow after—carry on. In the name of him whose word shall never fail—carry on—carry on—carry on!

\*Theme given at M Men-Gleaner session, Sunday evening of M. I. A. Conference, June 8, 1930.

## The Challenge

By WARWICK C. LAMOREAUX\*

M Men and Gleaner Girls:

I REPRESENT your fathers and your mothers, and those of the older generation. I am here to speak their thoughts, and to express the fears of many of the leaders of the Church. For a hundred years, men and women have fought for the establishment and preservation of the Church of Christ. For a hundred years, they have been clinging to the truths revealed in these latter days. They have given up their homes, their lands, their wealth, their friends, to follow their God. They have gathered from all parts of the earth: from America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the Isles of the sea to these mountains and these valleys of the west, to live and worship in righteousness. For the Gospel, some have been martyred and many have endured trials and trib-

ulations almost to the limit of human capacity. Yet they have found it all worth while!

Those who sacrificed wealth to gather to Zion have rejoiced because they have been privileged to make a sacrifice for the Gospel. Those who endured hardships did not complain. Those who wearily trudged their way across the trackless wilderness to build up this land did so with a song on their lips, a song of thanks unto God for a prophet to lead them in these latter days.

AND while they were working, and singing, and praying; while they were overcoming the elements: while they were enduring persecution; while they were sacrificing, and building, and growing, they were planting the seeds of your heritage, the heritage of faith, of honor, of noble manhood

and noble womanhood, of courage, of perseverance, of virtue.

Generation by generation, they nurtured your heritage. Decade by decade, they improved it, handing it down from father to son until it has come to you. What are you going to do with it? What will be your attitude?

Do you believe in the sanctity of the home as did they; in the virtue of rearing families unto God, or are you to be carried away with modern movements toward loveless marriages and childless homes?

Do you believe that the human body is a tabernacle of the spirit of God as they believed, a body to be kept clean and strong and pure? Or are you to be swept off your feet by the cunning appeals of selfish men who use every human device to deceive people into believing that tobacco, liquor, and other indulgencies are beneficial?

Do you cling to the belief that the United States are creations of the constitution and government of the Almighty, established for the benefit of all mankind, and worthy of the loyal support of all citizens as did your fathers, or are you to be led astray by the false propaganda of those who eat at the very heart of the nation by breaking its laws, and dishonoring its purpose?

And lastly, do you love your religion — your Church — your God? Do you have faith in its high purpose? *What would you sacrifice for it?* Are you going to live the laws of God, and keep his commandments? Or are you to be among those who, deceived by the craftiness of mortal men, turn their backs on the everlasting precepts of God?

I challenge you!

Answer me, M Men and Gleaners, if you will! With one accord answer, and tell us!

(The young men and women, five thousand strong rose and sang: "True to the Faith.")

\*Talk given at June Conference, Sunday evening, June 8, 1930.

## Home

By MAURINE BURT

WE have heard the call, and as Gleaner Girls and M Men, whose project is "I Will Contribute Each Day to the Honor and Happiness of the Home," we are prepared to answer the challenge.

The word *home* has two meanings. In the broad sense it means "country." In its restricted term, it means "the place where the family lives and loves and grows and develops."

To us, the youth of Zion, it means more than our towering mountains and blossoming valleys. It means an empire reared on a foundation of faith in a divine cause; it means the achievement of a spiritual ideal, for home is the heart of the nation, the foundation of the universe.

It is the place where the spirit of the family may find expression. It holds the germ of all those fine and simple virtues which assure the durability and power of a social institution. It is where God's plan has its fruition. At the base of the home is found respect for the past; an understanding of the present, and the anticipation and reaching out for the future.

The art of daily living deserves a place among the fine arts. It is the art of extracting from life its highest enjoyment and, through it, reaching its highest ideals.

A benevolent Creator has endowed mankind with eminent capacity for enjoyment; has set him in a fair and lovely world; surrounded him with things good and beautiful, given him the disposition to love, serve, produce and enjoy, and thus become an honorable and happy being, bringing God's work to perfection. And as a foundation to build on, he has endowed mankind with the protection of

sanctity of the home where youth may learn and grow, reaching upward and onward, aspiring to the infinite, linking time to eternity, where the true art of living has its final consummation.

AND so, the youth of Zion, the girls and boys of today, we who expect to be the mothers and fathers of tomorrow, we who are daily reaping the blessings which our home-loving pioneers sowed and cultivated, and whose gratitude for that heritage translates those ideals into everyday living with a determination to perpetuate those purposes, answer this challenge to carry on.

(Bugle Call, after which a Gleaner Girl in light blue arises in the audience and repeats these words):

"I will carry on by manifesting faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

(Bugle, following which a Gleaner Girl in pink responds):

"I will contribute each day to the honor of the home by observing my daily prayers."

(Bugle, and a third girl dressed in yellow repeats this pledge):

"My Gleaner pledge will be observed by being pure in heart."

(Bugle, while another Gleaner Girl in a gown of peach says):

"My contribution to carry on with Mormon ideals will be the endeavor to exemplify the thought 'The Glory of God is Intelligence' by seeking knowledge from good books."

(Bugle, after which a Gleaner Girl in green repeats):

"My pledge of honor to the home is to pay tithes to the Lord."

(Bugle, and dressed in palest lavender a Gleaner Girl says):

"I will carry on by keeping the Word of Wisdom."

(Bugle, the girl arising gowned in rose and now repeats):

"My pledge will be observed by daily devotion to home and country."

(Bugle. A Gleaner girl in Alice blue says):

"My contribution to carry on with Mormon ideals will be my humble endeavor to render service in the Church through the teaching of little children."

(Bugle. Now we have an M Man, he arises and answers):

"As an M Man I mean to contribute good health—mental, moral and physical health, with the ambition to provide for those who shall on me depend."

(Bugle. Another M Man responds with these words):

"My answer to carry on with Mormon ideals is to bring to the home the divine Priesthood of God."

(While the following chorus is being sung, the Gleaner Girls and M Men who have just been speaking are proceeding down the aisles and ascending the platform where they form in positions back of the central speakers.)

In concert they declare: "It is our prayer that through an individual testimony of the divinity of this Latter-day work, these ideals may be realized and as Gleaner Girls and M Men we resolve to exemplify these principles by contributing each day to the honor and happiness of the home."

(Chorus sings one verse of "Love at Home.")



# Introduction of President Heber J. Grant

By JAMES SABINE\*

THE youth of this Church has been challenged; challenged as to our attitude toward religion, government, home, and body. The challenge shall not pass unheeded. We do not fear to answer frankly and with heads erect.

Some say that we are living lives of debauchery and crime. We reply that the young men and women of today are as law-abiding and as God-fearing as they have ever been. Some call us shiftless, indolent, irresponsible. We resent such unfair criticism, and we solemnly proclaim that, should the need arise, the young people of this Church would as willingly endure pioneer hardships and persecution as did our fathers whose memory we revere, for the inspiration of those who founded God's Church in the face of sacrifice, suffering and death, has become our inspiration. The courage of those who carried on across desolate plains to a desolate valley, has given us strength. The industry of those who made that desolate valley a haven of beauty has fired us to action, and the blood which flowed through the veins of all those who saw a vision and made it a reality is the same blood which flows through the veins of the young men and women of this Church today. It is the rich, red blood of pioneer stock; it is our priceless heritage, and we are grateful for it. With such a heritage we cannot wander far from the path of integrity.

WE may not be living lives of perfection; we do not claim to be. But we want the world to

know that down deep in our hearts we have a feeling of warmth and gratitude; and we stand ready to demonstrate our appreciation.

We want the leaders to know that should the existence of our beloved Church ever again be threatened, the indomitable will of our forefathers will be the banner round which we will rally our forces in defense of that for which they gave their all.

And with our love of Church is mingled love of country. Our eyes are still upon the nation's flag; our pulse ever responds to the strains of the national anthem. We love the United States of America, and whether it be in defense of law or national honor, we shall always be valiant in her service.

No! The young people of this Church are not hopelessly wicked; they have not forsaken their inheritance; they have not forgotten God! In humility, they, too, pray and work for the advancement of the true Gospel.

AND so to you, founders of our glorious heritage who carried on in time of crisis, we pledge ourselves never to forsake the religion for which you lived and died.

To you, who, even in the face of persecution and abuse, never forsook the nation to which you had pledged allegiance, we say that your example shall not be forgotten, and that we do not value our lives as highly as we do the continued existence of our God-given government.

To you of the Pioneer period, who carried on the building of homes in these beautiful Rocky

Mountain valleys, we say that we, too, revere the sacredness of the home and shall ever strive to keep it a sacred fountain-head of purity and high ideals.

And to you older ones who carry on in the present era we say that you need fear not for our physical well-being. The Word of Wisdom is to us a cherished principle which shall ever guide our conduct. Look with hope to the future; for we will take up with youthful vigor the burdens that lie before us, prepared to live, and to die if the need arise, for the true Church of God.

AND lastly to you, President Heber J. Grant, leader in the faith today, we, the young people of this Church, here tonight affirm our faith in your inspired leadership and pledge our whole-hearted support in the great task of carrying on.

And now I have the honor of introducing a leader in the Church who is a real "scout," who is welcomed by the M Men as one of them, a man who has been called by God to represent him here on earth, a man who is wholly unspoiled by authority, who is a constant inspiration to the young men and women of this Church, a man who is where he is today because he has carried on! because he lives what he teaches. It is my privilege to introduce our leader, our friend, our inspiration, President Heber J. Grant.

Song: "Hail to Our President."

\*Talk given at the M Men-Gleaner session of the M. I. A. Conference, June 8, 1930.

## President John Taylor's Philosophy

I WAS not born a slave! I cannot, will not be a slave. I would not be a slave to God! I'd be his servant, friend, his son. I'd go at his behest; but would not be his slave. I'd rather be extinct than be a slave. His friend I feel I am, and he is mine.—a slave! The manacles would pierce my very bones—the clanking chains would grate upon my soul—a poor, lost, servile, crawling wretch to lick the dust and faun and smile upon the thing who gave the lash! Myself—perchance my wives, my children to dig the mud, to mould and tell the tale of brick and furnish our own straw! \* \* \* But stop! I'm God's free man; I will not, cannot be a slave. Living, I'll be free here, or free in life above—free with the Gods, for they are free:

and if I'm in the way on earth, I'll ask my God to take me to my friends above!"

"I would rather trust in the living God than in any other power on earth. I learned (while on missions) that I could go to God and he always relieved me. He always supplied my wants. I always had plenty to eat, drink and wear, and could ride on steam-boats or railroads, or anywhere I thought proper: God always opened my way, and so he will that of every man who will put his trust in him.

"I would rather have God for my friend than all other influences and powers outside."

# Theology and Evolution— From the Historical Point of View

By P. JOSEPH JENSEN

*Teacher of History in the L. D. S. College*

TO the student of history, Francis Bacon stands as a helpful contributor to the modern scientific movement. In advocating it he says, "All depends on keeping the eye steadily fixed upon the facts of nature, and so receiving their images simply as they are, for God forbid that we should give out a dream of our own imagination for a pattern of the world."

The above quotation goes directly to the foundation of learning in the light of the external world and our psychological constitution and nature. Results of this method, coupled with experimentation, are numerous since the days of Bacon in the inventions which have improved means of communication and transportation, for example.

THIS scientific method applied to history means, as Wilhelm Ihue states it, that an event becomes historical when it has a witness or witnesses who are willing and able to tell the truth and with some historians,\* if the event is classed as miraculous that fact is not against its being historical but rather in its favor because witnesses who are willing and able to tell the truth would not imagine an event and record it as the truth. The consistency of the above test rings true.

Historically Charles Lyell, Theodore Schwan, Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin and Ernest Hæckel have been prominent contributors to the doctrine of evolution.

OF these several men we select a few statements from Charles Lyell and Charles Darwin, for illustration. The former's main thought is that all the past changes

of the earth can be explained by the forces now acting. This idea formed the basis of recent geology. That is, there is evidence of a uniformity of change, first, in reference to denudation and sedimentary deposition; secondly, in reference to the living creation; and thirdly, in reference to subterranean movements. This last includes earthquakes and an insensible rising and subsiding of areas of the earth's surface determined by measurement.

As a typical quotation from Lyell, we present the following:

"It is true that in the solid framework of the globe we have a chronological chain of natural records, many links of which are wanting; but a careful consideration of all the phenomena leads to the opinion that the series was originally defective—that it has been rendered still more so by time—that a great part of what remains is inaccessible to man, and even of that fraction which is accessible nine-tenths or more are to this day unexplored." \* \* \*

"It may be necessary in the present state of science to supply some part of the assumed course of nature hypothetically, but if so, this must be done without any violation of probability, and always consistently with the analogy of what is known both of the past and present economy of our system."



THE AUTHOR

THE foregoing quotations make it clear that Lyell uses observation and also imagination with which to make a tentative explanation. Now, one hundred years after the publication of the first edition of his *Principles of Geology* (1830) links are still wanting and geological data as evidence for evolution is yet in the tentative explanatory stage. For illustration, note the following: "Asia is the seat of the oldest civilizations, many indications of which, though visible as sand drifted ruins, have outlived the vaguest traditions concerning their origins. Finally, the physical and climatic conditions of Asia in the Tertiary era were such as the scientist must postulate in his imaginings of the *modus operandi* of human origin from his prehuman forebears, i. e. such as would enforce descent from the trees and terrestrial adaptation." (Richard Swann Lull, Professor of Vertebrate Paleontology, Yale University, in *Evolution of Man*, Yale Univ. Press 1923.)

Theology gives historical evidence of another power to be counted among geological forces, namely, the power of God, not included in the forces enumerated by Charles Lyell. A standard opinion concerning theology among some is stated by Professor R. Flint in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as follows: "Many speak of theology as a science of religion (instead of science of God) because they disbelieve that there is any knowledge of God to be attained."

This attitude clearly ignores the historical mission of our Lord Jesus Christ whom Matthew understood to be "Emmanuel; which, being interpreted is, God with us." (Matt. 1:23.)

OUR Lord, in his trial for his life before a representative of one of the greatest governments of

\*Arlington Show e. g. Stanford University 1901-2.



ancient history, said to Pilate: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." (John 18:37). A few months before this he told his apostles, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove." (Matt. 17:20). And within two years after so teaching his disciples in Palestine a theological historian of the American continent writes, e. g., "According to our record, and we know our record to be true, for it was a just man who did keep the record, . . . the city of Moroni did sink into the depths of the sea and the inhabitants thereof were drowned. And the earth was carried up upon the city of Moronihah, that in the place of the city there became a great mountain." (3 Nephi 8:9, 10).

The subsiding and rising of these sections of the earth as quoted was effected by the power of God and the reason for so using the power as declared by his own voice is that "the inhabitants thereof have I buried up in the depths of the earth to hide their wickedness from before my face." (3 Nephi 9:8).

CHARLES DARWIN'S idea, barely stated is this: "Organisms multiply much faster than the means of subsistence; they naturally vary; those variations that are best fitted to the environment survive." He "theoretically showed how evolution could be possible naturally among living organisms. It has changed the whole point of view of the biological sciences. It is probably the most dominant characteristic of the thought of the last century."

A typical quotation from Darwin's writings on Natural Selection reads as follows: "Can it then be thought improbable, seeing that variations useful to man have undoubtedly occurred, that other variations useful in some way to each being in the great and complex battle of life, should occur in the course of many successive generations? If such do occur can we doubt (remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive) that individuals having any advantage however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving and of

procreating their kind? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favorable individual differences and variations, and the destruction of those which are injurious, I have called Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest."

THESE words of Darwin show us that he did not observe the building force of what he calls natural selection going on but only thought it might go on in that way. Now, after practically seventy-five years of efforts to discover that force what do scientists say? Let us note the following:

"Evidences of the occurrence of natural selection for many characteristics are rapidly accumulating. That mortality is not random, but differential, and that the intensity of the selective death rate is a problem open to quantitative treatment, are propositions supported by large bodies of sound scientific evidence. Nevertheless, neither the complexity of the phenomena nor the difficulties of the collection or of the analysis of the data can be underestimated. As yet, only the surface has been touched. The results are all subject to such revision as may be rendered necessary by wider data and narrower analyses."

"The second of these is a question of interpretation. The demonstration of the existence of a selective death rate in a given case is by no means equivalent to proof that evolutionary change is taking place in the character under consideration. Natural selection may only maintain a characteristic at the stage already attained. Or the force of natural selection may be offset by that of some other factor. Or, again, the variations dealt with may be of a kind not inherited; and without inheritance selection is powerless to effect any change. Indeed, first-hand experience in quantitative work on organic evolution must convince any one that the problem of the methods by which it has taken place is far more recalcitrant than biologists have

been wont to consider it. This great complexity demands an attitude of extreme caution in generalization. For the present, we must be content to attempt to measure one possible factor after another in as wide a series of organisms as possible. Having done this, we may hope in time to form a fairly trustworthy conception of the resultant of these forces as they may be combined in nature."—J. Arthur Harris, The Popular Science Monthly 1914.

Again,

"Unfortunately our knowledge of the causes of evolution is not very complete, but the majority of biologists agree that inherited variations, or mutations, constitute the building materials of evolution, while natural selection, or the elimination of the unfit, is the workman or architect that selects or rejects these materials" \* \* \*

"Mutations are the fundamental and initial steps in evolution."

"Regarding the causes of mutations we know very little, but it seems logically necessary to assume that these causes are both intrinsic in the germ-plasm and extrinsic in the environment; or, in the language of Darwin, although every variation is either directly or indirectly caused by some change in the surrounding conditions we must never forget that the nature of the organization acted upon essentially governs the results."

"Mutations probably occur in response to changes in the inner of outer environment." \*

TURNING now to the historian's writings of the biological works of our Lord.

Those records contain instances in which life was restored to the daughter of Jairus, the widow of Nain's son, and Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, respectively. While the death force as Dr. Harris points out is selective and may be measured, the power of our Lord is greater and gives evidence of controlling the death force. Furthermore, he said prophetically, "I have power to lay it (his life) down, and I have power to take it up again." (John 10:18). The fulfillment of this prophecy is historically recorded as taking place a few months after it was made and no scientist of our own day could be more careful than was Thomas when he suspended his acceptance of this so-called miraculous event until the sense of touch confirmed what the eyes of his fellow apostles had beheld and also confirmed through their senses of touch. In the event of the resurrection of our Lord is recorded the truth that the force

\*The Evolution of Man, Chapter VI. The Trend of Evolution. Edwin Grant Conklin, Professor of Biology, Princeton University, Yale University Press, New Haven 1923.

SOME people use their heads merely as an organ with which to have headaches. This is not the case with the author of this article.

P. Joseph Jensen loves truth and has been a seeker after it all his days. In addition he finds joy in imparting it to others and has been engaged in school work for thirty-six years, having taught one year in the public schools of Sevier County, two years in the Sevier Stake Academy, six years in the B. Y. U. training school and twenty-seven years in the L. D. S. College. He holds an A. B. degree from Stanford and in addition has taken courses at the University of California, Michigan State Normal, the B. Y. Academy and the U. of U.



we call death was made inoperative and he became immortal.

ANOTHER phase in which his power was manifest concerning life is recorded about a fig tree as follows: "When he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow in thee henceforward forever. And presently the fig tree withered away."

The instance of our Lord's giving sight to the man born blind may in an analogous way at least be thought of as a variation from the normal. Through his power that "variation" was rectified and that delicate sense organ, the eye, was made to see.

The dark complexion of our Indians, another "variation," so to speak, is historically explained as follows: About the year 600 B. C. Lehi and his colony left Jerusalem. In the family of Lehi and Ishmael were boys and girls who were white and fair. In the beginning of their journey it was foretold Nephi that the attitude of Laman and Lemuel towards the Lord, if they did not repent, would bring on them a sore curse. Because of their rebellious course, (1 Nephi 2:23) by about 570 B. C. "the Lord God did cause a skin of blackness to come upon them." (2 Nephi 5:21).

TO sum up the main points in the foregoing, we direct attention to the forces by which it is thought that evolution has taken place. Lyell thought that the forces at work in erosion, and depositing of sediment, subterranean movements, (rising and lowering) in different sections of the earth including the earthquake explain the past changes of the earth. And furthermore that the biological remains give evidence of the uniformity of change. Theology adds another "geological power" and theological historians record changes in parts of the earth's surface by that power, namely the power of God, and that the changes had been made because of the wickedness of the people of the section of the country involved.

Again Darwin thought that a force he called natural selection or survival of the fittest would account for evolution in the biological world. He ignored the divine power as manifested through Jesus

Christ in his control of death and life forces.

Theology, therefore, presents observed facts which were results from the use of forces and powers

in the hands of the Almighty, which underlie so-called forces of nature, while the evolutionist presents thoughts which have been suggested from forces of nature.

## What Should Be Taught

I WANT to say here that there is a wave of unbelief sweeping over the land, and we can feel the effects of it among us. The leading magazines or the popular magazines, are filled with ideas tending to unbelief, scientific hypotheses that are designed to destroy faith in the Bible, faith in the creation of the world, faith in the origin of man, and in the existence of God. Now these doctrines are being spread very insidiously. They are being taught in all the universities and colleges, speaking generally, of the land, with but few exceptions. There is a generation growing up who do not believe in the cardinal principles of the Bible taught by our fathers, before the Gospel in its fulness was revealed. These doctrines are being undermined and it becomes the duty of the Latter-day Saints—it is the mission of the Latter-day Saints—to uphold these old truths and doctrines that have come down to us from God through the ages, to strengthen the faith of our children in them, and, so far as we can, to neutralize the effect of these false doctrines that are being taught. And our Sunday Schools are among the greatest agencies to be used for this purpose—the teaching of our children the principles of the Gospel, and counteracting this dreadful unbelief and darkness that is spreading over the land. I feel that this is of great importance to us. I do not know of an organization today among any other people who are in the position we are, that are so well prepared to counteract these things, because we have the books and records that God has given. We have the Bible, but not that alone. They may indulge in their 'higher criticism,' and tell us that those whose names are attached to the various books of the Bible were not the authors of them; but we have something more sure than all their criticism. The Book of Mormon is of divine origin, divinely translated by the gift and power of God,

and we know it is pure. It was not translated by man's ability, hence we have a more sure word of prophecy, something to base our faith upon. We can call upon these testimonies because we know they are impregnable and cannot be destroyed. In addition to this we have the word of God—the Book of Covenants, that has come from the Lord to us. It is the word of God to us who live now. Therefore we have three witnesses. They may assail the Bible, as they do, and endeavor to prove that the writings attributed to different men were not written by them. We leave that to them. They can do as they please with their learning; we will cling to the Bible because we know that whatever errors there are are errors of uninspired men who have done the translating. But they must not, and they cannot, tread upon other ground that we have. They have assailed the Book of Mormon from an outside standpoint, and claim that it was translated, or as they say, written by some one else than Joseph Smith. But we have disproved that, and the Book of Mormon comes to us pure, having been translated by divine power, and it contains incontrovertible internal evidence to those who read it and know anything about the power and spirit of God—it comes to them with internal evidence of its divinity, and they know it is true. Therefore we have this, besides which we have the Doctrine and Covenants, and these three witnesses enable us to occupy a different position from any other religious denomination upon the face of the earth.

"We should consider and teach our children all these things and fortify them against the pernicious doctrines being circulated and being taught in the institutions of learning in the land, and fortify them so that they will not imbibe the errors which will pass away, for they are not true."—President George Q. Cannon, Salt Lake Tabernacle, October 3, 1897.

# Boy Scout Dramas

## Snow Bound

(Dramatized from an incident in the life of Wilford Woodruff)

By PRESTON W. POND

*Introduction: A Boy Scout dressed in uniform appears in front of the curtain and recites:*

A SCOUT is reverent. He is reverent toward God, he is faithful in his religious duties and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion.

A Scout is kind. He is a friend to animals, he will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, but will strive to save and protect all harmless life.

The great Scouts of Pioneer days lived the Scout Law, although it was then unwritten. Its principles are a part of every truly great character. Probably in no one of our early pioneers were these principles exemplified to a greater extent than in the life of Wilford Woodruff. He was a man of great spirituality and faith in God. Because of this great faith and his never failing attention to prayer, throughout his whole life he was blessed with promptings and warnings from the spirit of the Lord. In heeding these warnings his own life and the lives of many others were spared upon numerous occasions.

IN the autumn of 1871 Elder Woodruff was visiting one of his families in Randolph, Rich county. The weather was very stormy and he had been impressed for days to commence his journey back to Salt Lake City, but his family had urged him to stay. Finally on Saturday morning, November 25th, he set out.

When about fifteen miles from Wasatch, a blinding snow storm came up, driven by a heavy wind blowing directly into his face. In a few minutes he could not see the road. He let his lines loose and trusted to his faithful horses to find the way. At 9 o'clock that night he pulled into Wasatch with the hubs of the wagon dragging in the snow. He called upon Brother George Rowley, an engineer and the one Latter-day Saint in the place, who assisted him to get the horses under shelter, and gave him

a bunk house to sleep in. He arose Sunday morning and found the snow nearly three feet deep and still falling thick and fast. It looked very gloomy and he did not know what course to pursue. The dramatization goes on from this point.

*(The curtain opens. Wilford Woodruff is seen walking the floor uneasily.)*

W. W.: If I had only heeded the warning of the spirit, the promptings of my monitor, and left Randolph last Monday, this would all have been avoided. *(Looks out window or door).* I am snow bound indeed. It would be a simple matter to take the train to Ogden and save myself; but what of my horses? To leave them here would be to leave them to a death of starvation and exposure. I simply cannot desert them after the noble struggle they made yesterday, for they saved my life. I gave them the last bit of hay last night, and Brother Rowley said there is no grain to be bought at any price and that Perry Hammond is the only one with hay, and he a bitter apostate. What am I to do? Oh Father, What am I to do?

*(Enter Rowley covered with snow which he stamps off his feet and brushes off his clothes.)*

Rowley: Good morning, Brother Woodruff, if you would term such a morning a good one.

W. W.: Good morning, Brother Rowley.

Rowley: I hope you rested well.

W. W.: Not so well. I could not sleep for thinking of the predicament I find myself in, and the fact that it might all have been avoided if I had acted as I was impressed.

Rowley: Are the horses all right?

W. W.: They are worn and hungry.

Rowley: I went to see Hammond and asked him to call on you. I haven't much faith in your securing any feed from him. He has the only hay available, but he is so bitter since his apostasy, that

no Mormon could expect succor of any kind at his hands.

*(Enter Hammond—Business of stamping off snow.)*

Hammond: What's the idea, Rowley, calling me out in a blizzard like this?

Rowley: Brother Woodruff, this is Mr. Hammond. *(W. W. offers to shake hands. Hammond refuses.)*

Hammond: Huh! Woodruff! I know you all right. A man couldn't be connected with your cursed religion as long as I was without knowing too much about the scheming tyrants who lead it. *(To Rowley)* Well, what do you want?

W. W.: Mr. Hammond, I need some hay for my horses. I brought but a small amount from Randolph, thinking that there would be sufficient grass for them; but this snow—*(Hammond cuts him off.)*

Hammond *(to Rowley)*: So this is what you brought me out in this storm for. I thought there must be a nigger in the wood pile—a Mormon apostle in trouble. Hay for a Mormon's horses. Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, I guess not. Not at any price, Sir. Why, I'd see you in hell first. *(Exits angrily.)*

Rowley: I was afraid he would refuse.

*(Enter Havens, closing the door hurriedly as the snow drifts in and the wind whistles. Stamping and brushing, etc.)*

Havens: Phew! What a storm! *(Curtly)* I shouldn't have left the station, Rowley, but after you left I thought I'd better come and look the situation over. I suppose this is Woodruff that you were telling me about?

Rowley: Yes, and Brother Woodruff, this is Mr. Havens, the Union Pacific agent and operator. I talked with him this morning about your arriving last night and about your dire necessity.

W. W.: How do you do, Mr. Havens. I had it in mind to call on you to see if you could arrange to ship my outfit and myself to Ogden.

*Havens:* Impossible! Impossible! In the first place we haven't a car and in the second place, if we did have, we haven't equipment for loading. We shipped it all to Evanston a month ago.

*W. W.:* But you could order me a car from Evanston or Ogden?

*Havens:* What good would the car do? You couldn't load after you got it here, and besides, I haven't been able to get a wire through to either place this morning. The storm has probably wrecked our wires.

*W. W.:* But will you keep trying to reach them?

*Havens:* Well, of course, if you've got the money to pay for the car, I'll try.

*W. W.:* I haven't the money, Mr. Havens, but I can get it when I get to Ogden.

*Havens:* Such an arrangement would be against the rules of the company, and quite impossible. Of course, you could take a train in, but to ship your team and wagon is quite out of the question. I'm sorry. (*Moves toward the door.*) Good morning. (*Exits*)

*Rowley:* Brother Woodruff, I must go for a while to attend to my engine, but I'll come back later. (*Exits*)

*W. W.:* My poor horses! No feed, no water, and I am responsible. I have exhausted every resource and no help available. Why should my horses suffer for my failure to heed the warning of the spirit. Father, forgive my negligence and send me help.

(*Curtain closes to suggest the passing of a day's time. This should be announced before the dramatization begins.*)

(*As curtain opens slowly, Wilford Woodruff is found on his knees in the attitude of prayer. After a moment he rises.*) (*Enter Rowley*)

*W. W.:* Good morning, Brother Rowley, I have just poured out my soul in prayer to the Lord, and I feel impressed that a way of deliverance will be opened up.

*Rowley:* I am glad, Brother Woodruff, to be able to report the first good news. Carpenter, the section foreman here, has ten Chinamen shoveling snow. He has just about succeeded in clearing the east siding. I can run my engine onto it and get within a short distance of where your horses are sheltered. I can drain water from the engine to relieve their thirst.

*W. W.:* Thanks, Brother Rowley, that's a great relief. I have been wallowing around in snow up to my arm pits to see if there was anything, I could do, but I found myself helpless. I spoke to Carpenter, but he said he had no right to take his men from the railroad to dig out a span of horses. I feel it my duty to do all in my power to save their lives—for they surely saved mine by bringing me here through the blinding storm.

*Rowley:* Well, I'll go now and give them a drink. (*Exits*)

(*Enter Havens*).

*Havens:* Mr. Woodruff, I have checked with Evanston and find that it can be arranged to pay for your transportation upon arriving in Ogden. I've had a box car set off on the siding. We'll have to get a special engine to take you to Ogden. It will cost you twenty-six dollars. It would ordinarily be a hundred and fifty dollars. There is a pile of planking just north of the station. I have thought that it might be possible to build a staging to the platform and then into the car, and in that way load your team and wagon; but it will require a good deal of labor. I have tried to get Carpenter to use his Chinamen to do this work. He is rather reluctant, however, but I have asked him to come here to talk it over with you.

*W. W.:* Mr. Havens, I greatly appreciate what you have done—

*Havens:* That's all right, Mr. Woodruff, you may depend upon me to do all I can to help you out. (*Enter Carpenter and Ching Lee*).

*Havens:* Carpenter, I have just

told Mr. Woodruff that you may use your men to help get his team and wagon loaded.

*Carpenter:* I ain't got no business to use the railroad's men to help you, but I guess the company'd not want to see two poor hosses left to die for the need of a little help.

*W. W.:* Mr. Carpenter, your help will be—

*Carpenter:* It's all right! It's all right. Ching Lee, go tell the boys to get axes, hammers, saws from section house and bring your shovels, quick!

*Ching Lee:* Me telle bloys quick. (*Exits*)

*W. W.:* That is very good. We can first build the platform, then dig a trail to it from the team and wagon. (*Exit Carpenter*). Now, if I only had some hay for the horses all would be well. Mr. Havens, is there any possibility of getting hay this side of Ogden?

*Havens:* I'm afraid not, Mr. Woodruff, but—

(*Enter Hammond*)

*Hammond:* Well, Woodruff, I've not been able to get that hungry team of yours off my mind. I guess I can spare a little hay for them.

*W. W.:* Mr. Hammond, I wish to thank you sincerely for this kindness. I'll be glad to pay you well for it..

*Hammond:* I don't want your rotten pay, and I want you to understand that it's not to help a Mormon polygamist that I let you have the hay. I'll fetch it over. Where do you want it placed?

*W. W.:* The horses are in the store house north of the east siding. I'll be glad to help dig a path to it.

*Hammond:* Don't want your help. (*Exits grumbling*)

*Havens:* I'll order the engine from Evanston, Mr. Woodruff.

*W. W. (with eyes raised heavenward):* I am grateful, Father, for all thy mercies.

*Curtain*

## Feed Them Rather Than Fight Them

By MINNIE MOORE BROWN

Place: Near Pleasant Grove.  
Time: 1854.

Scene: A glade by a little stream, near an Indian encampment. A

camp-fire, recently used; some utensils, etc.

### Introduction

A Boy Scout appears before the curtain, salutes and says:

"A Scout is Friendly."

Perhaps no man has exhibited



this high Scout ideal more than did Brigham Young in his dealings with the Indians. "It is better to feed them than to fight them" was his motto. This engendered a feeling of confidence, of security, of friendliness that was a new voice in the history of America's dealing with the redman.

Down on the Spanish Fork, Brigham Young labored patiently for three days to gain the friendliness and confidence of old Chief Walker and his tribe, and finally after an outstanding exhibition of patience and friendliness, succeeded in winning the old Chief's regard and his good will.

*The curtain opens revealing a group of Mormon men, just dismounted. They carry rifles, are wearing large hats, etc.*

Wilford Woodruff: It's nearly sunset, Brother Brigham.

Brigham Young: Yes, and I know what you mean. It's been a trying day. We'll have supper.

W. W.: Has the fire gone out?

Another Man: Yes, but we'll soon fix that.

W. W.: We've been gone six hours. Is Chief Walker still here?

Another: He must be lying over there in the dirt yet. I can see Tulpidge standing by that tree.

B. Y.: Poor Indians! My heart misgives me when I think how they are treated by the whites!

W. W.: They try your patience, though, Brother Brigham. We've been around here three days now, waiting for Chief Walker to speak. What does he gain by this stubbornness?

B. Y.: You must always remember that the Indians are primitive people. They have their own ways of expressing themselves. We must be patient. Get a good supper, and we'll call Tulpidge over here again.

W. W.: Let us call him now, Brother Brigham, and see what he says.

B. Y.: You go and see if you can get Tulpidge and Walker to come over.

*(He seats himself on stump. Others busy themselves about the fire, bringing water, wood, etc.)*

I must speak to the saints at Pleasant Grove and give them a warning. Their stacks are so situated that the Indians could set fire to the whole place and shoot the people down. While the men are fighting the fire, the Indians could kill every woman and child

and then the men. I am worried with what I have seen on this ride today.

*(W. W. returns with Tulpidge, a sad-faced young warrior.)*

W. W.: Here is Tulpidge. Chief Walker is still lying in the dirt.

B. Y.: *(saluting Indian fashion)*: Will Chief Walker talk now to me? We are his friends..

Tulpidge: Mormon chief go to him—he git up and speak!

B. Y. *(rising)*: I will go. *(He goes, while others watch interestedly.)*

W. W.: Look at that. Brother Brigham has raised him from the ground. Walker looks old and broken. They are coming.

*(B. Y. enters with Indians. He returns to his seat and his men gather around him. Walker stands dejectedly and Tulpidge turns his back, with folded arms under his blanket.)*

B. Y.: Chief Walker, we are friends. Please believe us. Our words are true—not lying words. Why do you lie in the dirt?

Walker *(slowly lifting his head)*: Indians have no spirit, Indian have no heart. Walker no wish to talk. Walker listen—white Chief talk.

B. Y.: Here are some gifts for you. We have prepared food. Come and eat with us. *(He hands package to W. W., who hands it to another, who offers it to Walker, who refuses it. The man keeps it.)*

Tulpidge *(turning around)*: Koda! Koda! Me faithful friend.

Walker: Tuchi! Yoahiti!

Tulpidge: Koda! Koda!

Walker *(kindly)*: Koda!

*(Tulpidge holds out his hands for gifts, receives them, and hands them to Walker.)*

B. Y.: We have also brought you some beef cattle for a present. They are fat. Kill and eat. Feed your tribe. The buffalo is the Indian's cattle. If the white man drive and kill the red man's cattle, the white man should give something in exchange. We did not kill your people nor steal your cattle. Nevertheless, take these fat steers we brought, and let us be at peace.

Tulpidge *(crying out, with spread arms)*: Wisaskasit! Wisaskasit! In the lonely heart of Tulpidge, clouds shade the sun! Who give Tulpidge back his squaw, his papoose, Tibawara, little pine tree? Tulpidge all alone in wigwam. Tulpidge sit and weep in wigwam.

Tulpidge no hear the tread of little pine tree's feet. *(He sobs)*

W. W.: His wife and child were killed. *(Explaining to B. Y.)*

Tulpidge: White people happy in heaven. White man's God good. Great Spirit forget red man.

Walker: Great Spirit's face turn away from red man.

Tulpidge *(still moaning)*: Who guides little Tibawara to Happy Hunting Grounds?

B. Y. *(rising and placing hand on shoulder of T.)*: Be at peace, Tulpidge. The great spirit made us all. The white man's God is the Indian's God. He will care for your people just as he will care for mine.

Tulpidge: You talk good. You tell us good words. If White Chief speak truth, show us white God loves red children.

Walker *(pointing)*: Over there sick child. Make magic of Mormon prayers. So show good heart.

B. Y. *(drops his head as if to pray. His men all bow their heads. The Indians watch anxiously and exchange glances)*: Take me to the sick child. *(Tulpidge leads him out.)*

Walker *(watches them go and then turns back and says to the group)*: Redskin papoose go Happy Hunting Ground, another child be killed—bear him company. Sa—Sa—Kuo! Maybe Mormon Child.

W. W. *(calmly)*: No, Walker, that is a wicked, cruel custom. We do not have such customs among the Mormons. God does not let the souls of little children be lonely on their journey to the Great Father. He sends his angels to take care of the souls of those who die and bring them safely back to Him.

Walker: Long journey—lonely! Sa—Sa—Kuo! *(He folds his arms and waits.)*

W. W.: They are not lonely with the angels along.

Walker: Ugh! *(hopelessly)*. *(Brigham Young and Tulpidge return.)*

B. Y.: The child will recover. Walker, you need no longer be sad. The child will live.

Walker *(looks keenly at B. Y., then turns to Tulpidge)*.

Tulpidge *(pointing upward)*: Wi-ta-lu! Wit-hah-pi!

Walker: Sing me Mormon music. So make heart glad again.

*(They decide on a song and sing one verse and chorus. Could be "Oh, Stop and Tell Me, Red Man"). (Continued on page 698)*

# In a Mysterious Way

By STELLA P. RICH

GEE, that's some dress, Ma." Ralph eyed his mother critically as she deftly helped the younger children into their Sunday clothes. "I can't remember when you didn't wear it and I'm—let me see—seventeen today, isn't it?"

Sarah Maby's pale face flushed. "It isn't by choice that I'm still wearin' it, son."

"No, and that's the truth, Ralph," broke in his sister Maida. "If it didn't cost so much to keep you in high school, mother wouldn't have to wear a dress like that. It just makes me boil when I think how she gave you all the turkey money she had saved to buy her new window curtains, so you could get you a class ring."

"I know, Ma, you were a brick to let me have that money, but what would they think of a fellow if he couldn't afford a class ring?"

"What you think of mother for not having a new dress," dryly answered his sister.

AMOS MABY came into the living room, shiny and uncomfortable in his Sunday cleanliness. "Ready fur meetin' Sarah? The Johnsons have gone by already. Time we were starting, I guess."

"I'm not quite ready, Amos. I'll come with the children," said Sarah, moving toward the kitchen. "Ralph, you go on with your father, and don't stay after church. Dinner will be ready at four-thirty."

Ralph carefully adjusted his tie, gave a final pat to his sleek, shiny hair, pulled his lavender bordered handkerchief a fraction of an inch higher in his breast pocket and joined his father.

After the men were gone Sarah basted the chicken, throwing some of the rich gravy on the now fragrant dressing.

"I wish I could give him a real birthday present instead of just do-

ing a little extra fixin' for dinner," she thought.

AS she straightened up from the oven she caught a glimpse of herself in the little mirror above the washstand. For a brief second she regarded the image, then turned away with a sigh.

"Never mind, Sarah Maby," she comforted herself. "This is the very last time you'll have to wear this dress. The Golden Rule sale starts Tuesday and I've got my ten dollars already. Lucky I didn't get that navy blue satin I was about to buy when I was in Montrose last week. With all the ready-mades marked down one-half I'm sure to get something I'll like better'n anything I could make."

Meeting over, Sarah hurried home. It was a long time since breakfast. Her family would be starving. She was cutting a chocolate cake when Ralph came in.

"Gee, Ma, that looks good—and what's that I smell—chicken—well, for the love of—!"

"Your birthday, son. Where's your father?"

"Special Priesthood meeting. Didn't you hear them announce it?"

"No, I didn't. Must have been thinkin' of something else."



THE AUTHOR

Amos came in presently and took his place in silence. He wore a self-satisfied air but paid little attention to dinner.

"Pass your pa the gizzard, Maida. Amos, you're not eatin' natural—only two pieces of chicken?"

"Don't worry about him, Ma. I'll take his share," offered Ralph.

THAT night in their bedroom Amos gave a nervous cough as he fumbled with his shoelaces.

Sarah stopped in the act of hanging up a coat he had flung across the chair. She knew that cough of old. It prefaced all serious talks of her husband.

"Well, what is it, Amos?"

He didn't raise his head.

"That Salem meetin' house—well, at Priesthood meetin' today the bishop told us that the Church had made a call for the wards to help that little town. It can't pay for its meetin' house. The contractor needs his money—the Church has paid its allotment—and well, you know what kind of a year it has been. The people can't sell their hay and the bishop says it is a chance for a big brother to help a little brother."

"What did you pledge, Amos?"

HE appeared not to hear her. "John Meyers be up and pledged twenty-five dollars."

"He could afford it."

"I know it, but I couldn't let him beat me, could I? I know we haven't a cent, but with you, chickens layin' good we could get it in a couple of months."

"What did you pledge, Amos?"

"Twenty-five dollars. Ten of it has got to be in by Tuesday."

"How was you aimin' to pay that ten?"

"Well," he began a bit sheepishly, "I was wonderin' if you would mind lettin' me have that ten dollars you didn't use the other day to get your dress with."

"All right," she said presently.



She opened the bureau drawer, and handed him the money.

"Thanks, Sarah," he counted out in dimes and nickels the ten dollars. "I hate to take it but I kinda guess it is our duty."

"Your duty, not mine! Oh, Amos, you will never change will you? It wasn't your duty to pledge ten dollars that wasn't yours. It wasn't your duty to pledge my chicken money that is all I have to run the house on, but you like that self-satisfied feelin' of outdoin' the other fellow without payin' the price. I wouldn't care if you'd just try to pay some of these bills yourself, but you don't—you don't. I try not to be little but how did we meet that allotment on our own church house! Seventy-five dollars of the one hundred I paid with my chicken money while you were around looking for jobs. You put in twenty-five dollars worth of labor while I helped Ralph put in the hay. No, it doesn't matter to you or the Salem meetin' house that I've squeezed out that ten dollars, nickel by nickel, and dime by dime, from the egg money that has gone to run this house and keep Ralph in school these last four years. I wouldn't care if it were for things like this alone,—though how I am going to get anything out of that Salem meetin' house is more than I can see—but it is the same with everything. It isn't the principle, it is just outdoin' the other fellow. You remember when you pledged that eighteen dollars for that doctor book that no one but you has had time to look into—because John Meyers had took one, and I had to pay for it with money I had saved to buy a washin' machine. "Salem meetin' house—oh—"

But Amos didn't hear a word. It was characteristic of Sarah that she had long since recognized the futility of speaking her thoughts aloud.

IN the weeks that followed Sarah had little time to bewail the loss of her dress. Amos had secured work with a threshing crew. Ralph, always obedient, now began to disregard her advice. He was often away with the Jennings boys, the roughest fellows in town. At home he complained bitterly of their poverty. Sarah wondered if her sacrifices had been in vain. She had wanted so terribly to lift him

out of the poverty of body and spirit in which Amos lived content. He didn't confide in her any more. She found herself almost wishing that he would become interested in some good girl. It would anchor him—get him away from the Jennings boys at least.

"I might not be back to do the chores, Ma," Ralph called to her from the back seat of the Jennings' Ford late one Sunday afternoon.

"Ralph, don't stay out late. You know I can't sleep till you're in."

"Oh, don't worry about me, Ma. How old do you figure a fellow has to be before he can take care of himself?"

"Was Ralph at church to-night?" Sarah asked Maida when the girl came in a few hours later.

"No, he's off with that Jennings outfit somewhere."

AFTER the children were asleep Sarah picked up a book—one of Ralph's school books. How she wished she'd had a chance for an education,—why this was really interesting, *'The Relation of the Individual to Society'*. The clock struck twelve. Ralph ought to be home. She stepped to the door, listened. No sound. She tried to read but her interest was gone. One o'clock! Still no Ralph. She undressed and lay tossing for an hour and a half. She lived through a thousand things that might happen to him. Suddenly she could stand it no longer. Springing out of bed, she slipped into her clothes, wrapped a shawl about her and went out into the night.

From her porch she saw a light at Mandy Williams', her nearest neighbor, and caught the sound of a car driving away.

"That poor baby is worse." It was a relief to forget her trouble even for a moment. "I believe I'll run over."

MRS. STELLA P. RICH is not a stranger to readers of the ERA and other local publications, as she has been writing for several years. Recently she has broken into eastern magazines. She is a teacher by profession, having been engaged at the Fielding High School, at Paris, Idaho, as English instructor and at present is teaching English at the Brigham Young University, Provo.

At her knock the door flew open. "Why, Sarah Maby, what you doin' out this time of night?" Mrs. Williams' face and voice were all solicitation.

"I saw the light and was afraid the baby was worse."

"Land, no. Sam just got a phone call from his sister, Mrs. Jennings. Her boys and two or three others—she doesn't know who, have got mixed up in a car stealing scrape. They are locked up in the city jail. One of the boys is badly injured. They have taken him to the hospital. Seems they stole a big sedan at Montrose—left their Ford down an alley—got some girls and started for the Biglow Springs. The sheriff followed them and overtook them just after the sedan had turned over."

SARAH'S hand gripped a chair back. "I guess I better be gettin' home," she said feeling blindly for the door knob.

"Why, 'Sarah, are you sick? Here, lie down till morning and I'll have Sam take you over when he gets back."

"No, I'm all right. I just need to get out in the air. I can't leave the children."

"Shan't I walk over with you?" "No, no thanks. I'm all right, I tell you."

Out in the night again Sarah shivered though she was unconscious of any cold. She felt numb, detached. By some power, not her own, her legs were carrying her toward home, where she was going to hide her shame. The numbness began to recede. An ache, acute and awful had her whole body in its grip.

"My boy Ralph in jail!" like the tolling of a bell against her bare heart—"My boy in jail!"

He had been valedictorian of his class. She remembered the line of graduates as they marched past the principal for their diplomas. Other mothers weren't crying—they were smiling and yet she couldn't see her boy for that mist in her eyes. Such pride, such joy! Her boy, out of all the poverty that had hemmed him in, out of the meagreness of opportunity, her boy chosen to represent his class!

SHE remembered that night when Ralph had nearly died of pneumonia. She had stood in

the doorway just as the black of night was breaking up into the gray of the early morning—like it was now—and she had prayed that God would spare her boy. Spare him for what? Jail! Ralph, her boy in jail! How could she live till she saw him? How could she live afterward?

"Ma, why Ma, what you doing out here on the road this time of day? Ma, you're sick! Here—you're going to fall." Ralph led her to the doorstep, brought her a drink of water in the tin dipper. "Say, Ma, you weren't worrying about me, were you?"

"Ralph—Ralph, how did you get here?"

"Get here? With these two feet and I'm plumb tired out, too." His face darkened with anger, "I'm through with those Jennings boys for good, Ma. Left me to walk clear from Salem. And that wasn't the worst, either—"

"Salem? What do you mean?"

RALPH shifted from one foot to the other, "Say, Ma, I've been wanting to tell you for weeks, but somehow I didn't dare; the only reason I've been going with those Jennings boys is that I had to get up to Salem to see a girl there and I didn't have any other way of going. Those Jennings fellows will go anywhere."

Sarah drew in a long, deep breath.

"You see, I had a date up there with Sally last night," Ralph continued. "I got her in the car and we rode around for awhile, and then someone suggested we go around by Montrose to the

Springs. I was willing and so were the rest—all but Sally. She said no, she was going to meeting. Gee, you ought to have heard those pikers bawl her out, and her standing there against us all. 'I'll go to meeting with you Sally,' I said, 'You fellows can call for me afterward.'

"Well, they weren't there when church let out so Sally, and I walked out to her place—it's three miles—and waited there a couple of hours till the old man began to get restless. I could hear him talking to Sally's mother so I beat it. I don't want to get him down on me, Ma, because—well—I like Sally.

"Well, I'm glad I'm home. Some walk from Salem down here. I'll do the milking and then if you don't care I think I'll go to bed for awhile."

SARAH stood in the doorway and watched Ralph swing down the path with the milk buckets. The gray in the sky was gone. In its place great banks of crimson clouds heralded the arrival of another day.

Suddenly a sound broke the stillness. It was Ralph's voice. What it lacked in quality it made up in volume. Loud and clear it rang out on the morning air. There was no mistaking the words, "God moves in a mysterious way."

"And I thought the Salem meeting house wasn't ever going to do me any good," Sarah thought humbly as she turned into the kitchen to start breakfast.

## Signs of the times

By MARGARET C. MOLONEY

BELIEVE in signs?

I'll tell the world I do, with reservations.

I don't believe that a black cat crossing my path will bring me bad luck—though I will circumvent him if I can. But there are signs that cannot be questioned.

For instance, when I have to buy geraniums each spring to fill my window boxes it's a sure sign that I was too trifling to carry through the winter enough to make my spring start.

When the huge burlap sack full of marigold and zinnia seeds that was thrown into a corner of the store room has been eaten up by the mice, it is a sign that I did not care enough for the flowery roadside I had planned to safeguard the seeds. I was warned by a dependable gardener that the seeds would have to be suspended from the rafters, but

"She does not what she ought,

What she ought not she'll do;  
And then lean upon the hope

That chance will pull her through!"

Now when I shall have to buy canned vegetables and fruit to carry us through the late winter season, is it not a sign that I was lacking in the virtues of a housewife when I allowed loads of vegetables and fruits to rot in my garden and orchard last summer?

But, oh, and I'm so proud to report it to save my good name (like throwing salt over the left shoulder to divert evil when salt is spilled) when my asparagus shoots up great sturdy stalks the minute spring flashes the "GO" sign, it is a sure sign that I did not neglect it last fall, but covered it up comfy with blankets of fertilizer and straw.

Wild honeysuckle weaving a green coat for the old woodsbed tells my neighbors that I had enough pride in my community to expend great energy last fall bringing in the vine from the forest. It's a good sign. No one can doubt it.

Ferns, too, on the shady side of the buildings are a sign of pride and thrift.

By these things our neighbors know us, and it behooves us to look to our signs.

## Feed Them Rather Than Fight Them

(Continued from page 695)

Walker (happy): Now like sun rising out of East. Been all dark—now bright. Had eyes, no see; ears, no hear. Mormon Chief, you say straight. Soldier Steptoe, his talk not straight. Spaniards, talk not straight. Mormons speak good words. First to tell truth. I no want my people kill and steal. Want raise corn, read books. Our children learn you talk, know what you say. Give me writing. Show my people Indians and Mormons at peace.

W. W.: What could be more friendly? It is a good end to our

parley with the Indians. This is a most successful trip.

B. Y.: Yes, and I thank Israel's God. Remember always, we must never fight the Indians, we must feed them. Yes, Chief, we will give you writing. Come, let us eat now.

W. W.: Over here by the big flat boulder, we can spread the feast. Come on all.

Walker: We eat with white brothers. Afterwards we smoke pipe of peace. Together, we smoke pipe of peace.

Curtain



# The Life Story of Brigham Young

THIS is the title of a biography of the great "Mormon"

leader written by his daughter, Susa Young Gates, and his granddaughter, Leah D. Widtsoe. Viewed from any standpoint it is an unusual work, written by one who was intimately acquainted with her subject during his lifetime and who has made a constant study of his life since his demise. It is one of the few, if not the only, pro-"Mormon" book written by a Church member which has been put out by a great publishing house without any kind of a financial guarantee—published entirely on its merits.

The British edition has come from the press of Jarrolds of London. The Macmillan Company will have the American edition ready at an early day.

EDITORIALLY the *Millennial Star*, under the title "A Great Biography," has this to say:

The second president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was born June 1, 1801, and died August 29, 1877. Like his predecessor, the Prophet Joseph Smith, his name has been known for good and evil throughout the earth. However, the years have brought perspective. Today, Brigham Young is recognized as one of the great men of his generation, who rendered distinguished service to his fellow-men, both in a temporal and a spiritual sense; and he is acknowledged to have been a man of honor and purity, who dealt justly and kindly by all, and was greatly beloved by those who knew him. He was an empire builder of first rank, both in the wastes of Western America and in the souls of men. That he has been subjected to merciless criticism is only a part of the price that greatness must pay.

The recent publication by Jarrolds of London and the fine reception by critics and readers of the *Life Story of Brigham Young*, written by Susa Young Gates and Leah D. Widtsoe, daughter and granddaughter of President Young, indicate the changing sentiment towards the Latter-day Saints. It was impossible, in an enlightened age, that the clumsy untruths circulated about "Mormon" history, doctrine and motives, could continue to hold sway. Truthful narratives are the most interesting; and humanity yet prefers truth to untruth.

The *Life Story of Brigham Young* is a book of unusual power and beauty. It portrays in vivid, truthful language,

with a wealth of fact and anecdote, the romantic beginnings of the Latter-day Saints, and the absorbing story of the course of life and action of a genuine and humble man, Brigham Young, who was lifted by the Gospel of Jesus Christ into prominence and enabled to render magnificent service to the world. The critics agree that the book is an admirable biography, and a thrilling, readable story, one of the best ever written by a close relative of a notable individual, and praise it for its wealth of accurate, intimate history. The book is filled with illustrations, many of them never before published. It is well printed and bound. It is good reading.

The introduction to the book, written by Mr. Harold J. Shephstone, F.R.G.S., an honest and fair-minded man, not a member of the Church, is published in this number of the *Millennial Star*, along with an extract from the literature advertising the book. These articles, together with the following table of chapters, summarize briefly the contents of the book: Youth and Early Manhood—Early Activities in the Church—Growth in the Church—His Call to Leadership—The Exodus of Modern Israel—The Trail Westward—Temporary Camps: The Mormon Battalion—The Trek—Entrance into "The Valley"—The First Winter—Life in the Valley—Brigham Young and Irrigation—The Indians—Other Churches and Non-Mormons—Government and Loyalty—The "Echo Canyon War"—The Army in Utah—Practical Sociology—Industrial Independence—Architecture and Temple Building—Patron of the Arts—Music—Recreation and Amusement—Literature and the Drama—Brigham Young and Education—Attitude to Woman's Activities—Persecution and Some Faults—His Home Life—His Morale—Home Practices—His Last Days—The Measure of a Man.

The book is a valuable addition to the world's biographical literature, of espe-

cial interest to the Latter-day Saints, who seldom have had the privilege of telling their entrancing story, unobscured by the fog of prejudice, to the readers of the world. The Latter-day Saints of Europe are grateful to the gifted authors for this splendid portrayal of the life and times of one of their foremost leaders—a world figure in human service.

THE following paragraphs are from Mr. Shephstone's introduction:

While sojourning in Salt Lake City I met Mrs. Gates, a lady of great charm and grace, at a gathering held in the beautiful home of Mr. Anthony W. Ivins, senior counselor of the First Presidency. It was his seventy-fifth birthday and many friends had gathered to wish him well. I spoke to Mrs. Gates about her journalistic efforts and she very kindly permitted me to read some of the chapters. I was amazed at the wealth of detail they contained and recognizing the importance of the work and believing it should be given as wide a publicity as possible I offered to render any assistance I could towards its publication.

It resulted in the manuscript being handed to me by Mrs. Gates' son-in-law, Dr. John A. Widtsoe, an Apostle of the Church and a distinguished scholar, and head of the "Mormon" Mission in Europe. Then came the task of condensing the material into the covers of a single work, the original record being too bulky for ordinary publication. The decision to produce an abridged edition of the original was only undertaken after much careful consideration and solely resorted to so that the work should enjoy as wide a circulation as possible. Despite their laborious efforts extending over many years the authors very wisely decided that they were called upon to appeal to the many and not to the few.

While it has not been found possible to incorporate all that the authors have written, the salient facts of this remarkable life have not been omitted. It will be found to be an entrancing story, recording not only Brigham Young's marvelous temporal achievements, but revealing something of his soul and those high principles that guided all his actions. He was without question one of the world's greatest exponents of truth and righteousness, loyal as he saw it to his country, to his people and to his God. We may not all agree with Brigham Young's outlook and beliefs, but we nevertheless have to admit that he stands out as one of the great figures in modern history, a remarkable man who accomplished much and wrought for the good of his people and for that cause which he had at heart.

Knowing the "Mormon" people as I do from intimate knowledge and contact with them, both in Utah and in this

*SUSA YOUNG GATES has been noted all her life for her loyalty to the Church and its leaders. It has been her privilege to travel extensively in America and in Europe, attending prominent gatherings of women and meeting many important people, and she has proclaimed the principles of the restored Gospel and borne testimony to the divine calling of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his successors with reverent enthusiasm whenever an opportunity offered. Her gifted daughter, Leah D. Widtsoe, is no less devoted to the Church and its officers. The spirit in which this book was written can hardly fail favorably to impress the reader.*



country, I can truthfully say though not of their persuasion, that this work is not sent forth in any boastful spirit, or as a piece of propaganda, or even with the idea of foisting their beliefs upon the world; but for the sole purpose of enabling "Mormon" and Gentile alike, and the world at large, to learn something of the truths that guided Brigham Young and led him to establish a thriving commonwealth, founded on love, justice and mercy to all, in the barren wastes of the Rocky Mountains.

THE London Times, probably the earth's greatest newspaper, has this to say:

*The Life Story of Brigham Young, by Susa Young Gates (Jarrolts, 18s. net), is written by a daughter of the Mormon leader. Mrs. Gates was the first of Young's children to be born in the Lion House which he built in Salt Lake City to accommodate his large family of wives and children. To Mrs. Gates her father and Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, are great and good men. Those two men, she writes, possessed the gift of leadership "which drew people not to themselves as super-men, but rather to God and Christ, whom they worshipped and served, and whose humble instruments they were." Mrs. Gates speaks of her father's work of community founding in what had been a desert with fiery enthusiasm. Her zeal apart, she has written an important chapter of history in her accounts of the daring trek of the Mormons across the desert, their struggles with the natives and with Washington, and the building of the settlements. Interesting light is thrown on the manner of life in polygamous households.*

Many other British papers reviewed the work in a highly complimentary manner. Aunt Susa, as she is affectionately known in this community, is to be congratulated on her unusual achievement.

## "Friendship"

Arranged by Geo. D. Kirby

A friend is:

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help and love.

One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

A jewel whose luster the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who multiplies joys, divides griefs, and whose honesty is irrevocable.

One who loves the truth and you, and will tell the truth in spite of you.

# The Aims and End of Education

By DR. H. M. WOODWARD,

Dean of the Summer Session Brigham Young University

TWO hundred years ago only kings, queens and royalty and a favored few could afford the luxury of a college education such as our students are now receiving. At that time the aim of a college education was to prepare for three professions: medicine, law and the ministry, and to give a so-called culture to meet certain political and social demands.

Then came the Industrial Era with its demand for more training. For one hundred years the aim of education revolved about economic independence, vocational preparation and business efficiency. All of these objectives have become secondary to the great central aim of education as viewed by the outstanding educational philosophers of the present.

TODAY hundreds of thousands of fine men and women fill our colleges and universities, their fundamental purposes and objectives, consciously or unconsciously, being to build into themselves power and capacity to live an ever richer, more beautiful and more serviceable life. Whether they are in chemistry, typewriting, history, mathematics or philosophy, they are all seeking one common end,—to make life and happiness more extensive, more intensive and more secure.

This power and capacity to live consists of certain educational products,—informational product, attitude product, skills and ideals.

The machine for manufacturing this product consists of a plant, the social groups, the college curriculum, these assemblies, a library and a faculty.

THE faculty members, if they are doing their full duty, will have decided beforehand just what kind of product, in terms of information, skills, or attitudes, can be developed with their particular courses. They will organize their material and choose their methods to manufacture the life product decided upon. If students are as appreciative as their intelligence would warrant, they will cooperate with them to the fullest, because it is their product that is being manufactured.

In the library you have the storehouse of the wonderful life that has been bequeathed to you by the great minds of all the ages. If you are awake to your opportunities you will pay careful attention to the advice given by experts on how to study and how to read. You will read more extensively, read to greater purpose, you will increase your speed and extend your comprehension. Seek definite advice on how to study, how to organize your time, how to motivate your reading, and thereby make profitable the many hours otherwise unorganized or wasted.

FINALLY if you reach that plane of intelligence where you have a due and proper respect for your better and finer self, you will appreciate what a marvelous organization of all the possibilities in nature this human being really is. You will appreciate that there are many levels on which to live; that your life is like a great musical instrument with keys running from the bass to the finer and more beautiful tones—from the physical through the aesthetic, social, moral and intellectual to the spiritual. The joys of intellectuality, of extensive aesthetic response, of moral and spiritual values are many and intense. Learn to enjoy them. Listen for the over-tones of your own soul.

You are here to become an artist of life, to play each note where it belongs that your life might become a beautiful symphony—intensive, extensive and secure.

The aim and end of your education is self-unfolding, self-realization of all the possibilities within you, self-expression and service to humanity.

To know the world, to do all possible to improve it, to be grateful for it and to enjoy it is to fulfill all the commandments.

And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith. (Doctrine and Covenants, 88:118).

# Irene Throws a Boomerang

By

MARGARET C. MOLONEY

"GOOD morning, Beautifuls," Irene, with a bowl of table scraps in her hand, addressed a pen of Champion Buff Orpington chickens across the backyard fence.

Dandyion, the big chief, But-tercup, Daffodil, and Sunflower, the three fat matrons, came quickly at the sound of her voice.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Blake, I didn't see you," laughed Irene scattering the tidbits about. "Look how they shine in the sun."

"I'M afraid you're going to miss them, Irene. 'I'm selling out,' she added quickly. 'Have to go to Grace's.'"

"Oh, no!" the tears sprang to the child's eyes. "What will we ever do without you? And my beautiful bouquet, too? Are they sold, Mrs. Blake?"

"I've had an offer from Mr. Campbell—but not enough. Why don't you buy them, Irene. I'd let you have them for twenty dollars."

"What! You don't mean it, Mrs. Blake?"

"Yes, I do mean it. Couldn't you scape up that much? I've sold all the rest."

"Twenty dollars, Mrs. Blake! But weren't you holding these for fifty dollars? Your Champions!"

"Yes, but I'd like to know someone had these who loved them, and if I found I could take care of a few down there I'd expect you to ship me a setting of eggs, free of charge. You've been around me enough to know how to take care of them; and you are old enough to start in business. Fifteen is almost a woman nowadays."

"Oh, if I can. I've almost enough, and I have some more due, you know for taking care of children after school. If I can collect this afternoon, I'll take them, Mrs. Blake. I'll run over as soon as I get home."

"I'll hold them till tomorrow noon," Mrs. Blake promised.

"Then if you can't manage, I'll have to let Mr. Campbell have them, and I'd—rather not."

AFTER school Irene hurried over to Mrs. Allen's who owed her two dollars. Mrs. Allen was so interested that she added fifty cents interest on Irene's money. Mrs. Brownless also paid the dollar she owed; and then finding she still lacked a dollar the fifteen year old business woman sold the brief case that had been given to her for a Christmas present and which she needed, really, to carry her books in.

Up the stairs she flew to her room to get her savings, bounded in the door—and stopped, a terrible fear seizing her at the sound of wild ungovernable sobs.

"Emily!" Irene cried. "What's happened?" She thought of the mother they had idolized, and terror gripped her.

EMILY sat up quickly at the cry.

"Nothing," she managed to say in spite of the sobs that would not be checked. "I didn't expect anyone home, and I'm just weeping—a little—because I can't go to the picnic." Emily dried her tears with a very wet kerchief, and tried to smile.

"Oh," said Irene. She went over and sat on the couch by her sister just six years older than herself, the sister that had always

given up everything with a smile. "Why can't you go?" Irene asked, knowing well that it was because she had no dress to wear.

"Oh, it's just that I saw a silly blue dress down in Marr's window that I was crazy enough to go in and try on—and it made me so beautiful that I got a wild wish to wear it to the picnic and see if Henry Ramsay wouldn't—fall for me. You didn't know I was such a boob, did you?"

"HOW much was the dress?" asked Irene. Her lips quivered, but Emily thought it was sympathy that was bringing the look of suffering to her little sister's face.

"Twenty dollars," said Emily; "but it isn't going to kill me to stay at home. I've a lot of things I'd like to do. I'm not crazy about going with a crowd of people I don't care much about anyway. I see them every day in the week; besides they are to charter a train and leave at eight in the morning and don't come back before six."

"But—if you had a new dress you'd love it, wouldn't you, Emily?" Irene's face was drawn, but her eyes were like the stars.

"Oh, sure," said Emily, trying to joke, "If I had a new dress and could show Henry how nice I can look if I have something decent to wear."

"Henry isn't bothered much about clothes, I notice," said Irene. "He's proud to take you about—as you are; but listen, Emily, you can have the dress. I've just been collecting my bills, and I've twenty dollars that aren't working, and—"

"Oh, Precious! Honest? You don't need it for something?"

IRENE shook her black curls, and her heart grew warm at the radiant face of Emily. "Irene, Honey, I'll take it, if you are sure you don't mind. I never wanted anything so much in all

## A Little Work

By George du Maurier

A little work, a little play  
To keep us going—and so, good-  
day!

A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-  
night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing—and so,  
good morrow!

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! And so—  
Good-bye!



my life as I want that dress. And I'll make it up to you."

"Make it up to me!" Irene laughed. "As if I didn't owe you everything I have. Oh, Emily, hurry, and go get the dress quick before they close, or someone else gets it."

EMILY dusted a bit of powder on her tearful face and ran off to get the dress. Irene sat a moment wearily and then went over to tell Mrs. Blake she couldn't have her gorgeous bouquet of Buff Orringtons, after all.

"But, maybe I could come down even a bit more," smiled Mrs. Blake. "How much have you altogether?"

Irene had to tell her about the dress then.

"Well, Irene, I can't be outdone by a chit of a child," said Mrs. Blake. "The Champions are yours."

"But I won't be able to get twenty dollars together again for a mighty long time," said Irene. "It took me nearly a year to get this."

"I'm giving you the Champions," said Mrs. Blake, and smiled at the light that flared in the childish eyes. "That is, I'm giving them to you so that I can ask you to keep an eye on my house till it's rented—so the boys don't break the windows."

"Oh, but I'd do that gladly for nothing—just because I love you so much, you know that."

"Yes, I do know that, and I'm giving you the Champions because I love you, dear, and I know you'll take good care of them."

"Oh, oh, oh," cried Irene, flinging her arms about the plump little woman's neck and almost shutting off the wind. "A minute ago I thought life was a terribly cruel thing, and now I think everything's lovely."

"The same way with Emily, too, I don't doubt," Mrs. Blake reminded her. "Well, let's go out and tell the Champions about it. They'll be glad, too."

"When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the World, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it come off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers."—O. W. HOLMES.

## Love of the Land

By DR. E. G. PETERSON

President of Utah Agricultural College

THERE is a feeling in all of us which attaches us to the land. Walk out some day through the grain or between the early corn rows. Smell the ineffably delightful odors which arise from the fructifying earth; see the colors, the green of the cultivated plants with masses of yellow flowers here and there in the meadow or in uncultivated corners or along the fence rows. Feel the soft breeze carrying its measure of relief to the plants, billions of them toiling to produce their quota as it has been decreed.

Birds sing in the nearby trees; the sky overhead is blue. Maybe a shower patters down gently, refreshing the whole face of nature. You have not walked far until you feel the tremendous presence of life; in plants, in the myriad of moving things, in the vast sun illumined sky. Here you are, among the things that grow, under the beneficent ministry of the heavens. You become kin to it all,—a fellow of the ant toiling with his great load, companion to the bird singing out his gladness born of a home a mate and young ones to feed. You almost reach out for a handful of sunshine it seems so tangible. The soil beneath your feet is pregnant with power. The water in a spacious canal ripples by carrying its liquid wealth to fields that joyfully await its coming. Willows have grown up along its moist banks, and in its crystal depths water bugs of a thousand varieties ply their industrious trades, desperately and blindly fulfilling their appointed destiny.

Every man, Bailey once said.

should own a piece of land, if it is only a barren hillside, upon which he can go and say quietly to himself, "This is my land." There is infinite comfort in nature,—the secret of it is in the mysterious call to us to join in the companionship which includes all life which is one under God.

Fortunate the country whose people own their own lands and with increasing understanding patiently cultivate them. There has been much said of the man who, "Bowed by the weight of centuries, leans upon his hoe and gazes on the ground, the emptiness of ages in his face and on his back the burden of the world." Less has been said of the man of mental strength and moral integrity, of clean and clear vision, who deliberately chooses these paths, of toil but of high honor and dignity. The peasant who "leans upon his hoe" has been replaced in America by the professional farmer who takes his place with the educated and the competent of the other professions. It is such men, not the dulled and downtrodden, who are working out the new agriculture with corporate efficiency but, it is to be hoped, without the deadening fever which comes from too exclusive a search for gain. The countryside, rich in natural beauty, the fascinating processes of plant and animal life, the old art itself more ancient than the records of Abraham, and the love of the land will restrain the modern American farmer from developing the merchandising mind to that excess which would make him just a business man and not also a creative husbandman.

## Yellowing of Plants

THE Utah Agricultural Experiment Station has just released a publication on chlorosis, or, more commonly called, yellowing of plants. Dr. F. B. Wann, the author, states that the most frequent cause of chlorosis is the lack of nitrogen, magnesium, and iron in the plant itself. However, an excess water-supply or an overabundance of alkali salts in the soil may also be contributing factors as

well as low temperatures and lack of light.

The author suggests two possible methods of control: (1) The mechanical application of iron on the plant by spraying or by its injection into the plant body; and (2) soil treatment consisting of the addition of manure, ammonium, sulfate, or sulphur to the soil.

# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

*All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.*

## Growth Through Attention to Duty

"We are all blind until we see  
That, in the human plan,  
Nothing is worth the making if  
It does not make the man.  
"Why build these cities glorious  
If man unbuilded goes?  
In vain we build the world of men  
The builder also grows."

IN the plan for the training of young men in Priesthood work, through the quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood, the Lord has provided a means of building men unsurpassed by any plan yet devised by man. Yet the Lord's plan fails if those to whom he entrusts this great work do not perform their duties. This plan provides that there shall be a meeting of Aaronic Priesthood members each week, and that at these meetings all matters pertaining to quorum welfare be considered. Duty assignments should be made and reports on previous assignments received. During the summer months the time for this meeting is optional with stake and ward authorities. It may be held on Tuesday night or Sunday morning, either before Sunday School, with Sunday School, or at 11:30, after the regular Sabbath School classes are called to reassemble. Or, if it is thought by the presidency of the stake and high council that some other time is more suitable, it is their duty so to decide. The particular time for holding meetings is not so important; but the fact that meetings should be held and that an effort should be made to have, as far as possible, every Aaronic Priesthood member actively engaged in class work and following the prescribed course, is vital.

First, the responsibility for this rests with the bishopric of the ward; next, upon the Aaronic Priesthood Supervisory Committee; next, with the parents of those upon whom this Priesthood has been conferred. Reports received at this office show that in many of our wards this duty is not looked upon as being one of importance. The class work is carried on more as a sense of duty than as a requirement vital to the growth and development of an active Church missionary force. One stake recently reported that it was impossible to get reports from bishops concerning their Aaronic Priesthood work. They stated the high council committee showed that the main reason for the failure

of bishops to make reports was that they preferred to have a blank report than to have the record show the woeful lack of interest in the work which the report undoubtedly would show. To overcome this condition, the presidency of the stake and high council have planned to look over the Aaronic Priesthood activity records during their quarterly visits to the wards, and will, if necessary, make these reports themselves.

Up to the present time, there have been issued only one-third as many Priesthood quorum outlines as should be in the hands of quorum members. Is it not possible that some are neglecting a wonderful opportunity for

rendering service which is unequaled in the amount of good that can come when such service is properly performed?

We appeal to presidencies of stakes, high councilors and bishoprics of wards to make a careful study of Aaronic Priesthood work and launch immediately a campaign to have a real missionary work done among the members of these quorums, and to provide class periods and suitable material for these periods to hold the attention of these young men, all of whom should be helped and encouraged to magnify their calling. *To accomplish this proper leadership is necessary.*

## Spiritual Activity Necessary in Summer

JULY and August are looked upon as vacation months, a time when we endeavor to get away from the daily routine work of life, where through rest and the changed environment we may recuperate our physical being. This is as it should be, for the body of man should be cared for and preserved as far as possible from those things which interfere with the proper functioning of the organs; but with the spiritual side of man, we find a condition the exact opposite. There is no justification for a let-down in our spiritual development, for through participation in those activities which build up spirit-

uality, we become stronger and the feeling that we should have a rest from them is generally a sign of decay and may lead to a condition of inactivity and perhaps loss of spirituality.

We feel that during the summer months there is just as much need for the Saints to assemble to partake of spiritual food and engage in the activities required of the Priesthood as at any other time. We urge that those called to serve as acting teachers be encouraged to visit the Saints and encourage them to attend to their duties. The Lord requires that we meet together often and acknowledge his hand in all things.

## The Harvest Season and Tithing

DURING the month of May, ward and stake authorities were asked to arrange for at least one speech to be delivered in each ward and stake meeting during the month of May on tithing. We are now approaching the harvest season, the time when the bulk of farm income is received. We hope the expressions on this subject during the month of May were so impressive that all will endeavor to pay their tithing according to the law of God.

There are some who, when tithing is mentioned, stop first to consider their living requirements and other expenditures and pay tithing if there is any left. When the Lord gave the law of tithing to his children, a law by which funds are to be raised to carry

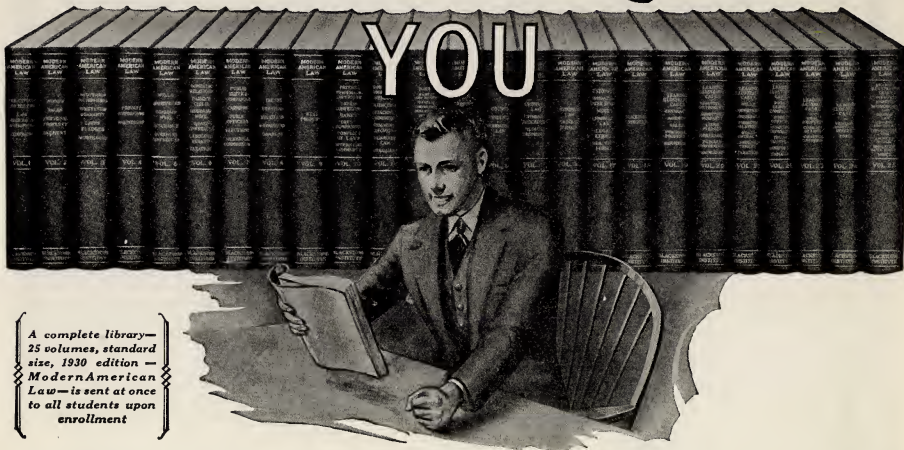
on the work of the Church, he gave with it a promise that those who observed this law faithfully shall be blessed in their physical possessions, and it is quite evident that blessings are withheld from those who have made covenant with the Lord to serve him and keep his commandments because of their failure to live up to this obligation. In speaking to the Saints in the early days, he said:

"Behold, thus saith the Lord unto my people—thou have many things to do and to repent of; for behold, your sins have come up unto me, and are not pardoned, because you seek to counsel in your own ways.

"And your hearts are not satisfied. And ye obey not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness."



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# MUTUAL WORK



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RUTH MAY FOX,  
LUCY GRANT CANNON,  
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,  
*Secretary:*  
ELSIE HOGAN

## Sunday Evening Meetings

THERE is no little responsibility attached to the privilege granted to the Mutual Improvement organizations to furnish programs for the Joint Monthly Sunday Evening Meetings and the Stake Conference Sunday Evening Meetings.

It is an opportunity to show M. I. A. leadership or the like of it in the Wards and Stakes. The stake presidents and bishops of wards have a right to expect that effective and appropriate use will be made of the time turned over to the disposal of M. I. A. Officers.

Each program should be planned with especial care, the parts judiciously assigned, the preparation followed up, and the presentation put over efficiently and on time, all in keeping with remembrance of the Sabbath day, the place in which the meeting is held and the right of the people not to have their time wasted.

A new distribution of responsibility for the ward Monthly Joint Session is made as follows:

The M Men and Gleaners will present the program for September and May.

The Vanguard and Juniors will give the programs for February and June.

The Adult Department will provide the programs for November and March.

The Scouts and Bee-Hive Girls will be responsible for the programs in December and August.

The three remaining months — April, July and September, are the responsibility of the Executives, and give opportunity for presenting subjects of special interest.

However, it is suggested that the joint meeting for next September be devoted to the subject of law observance. Much has been said and printed on this subject during the last two years, and material fitting for the occasion can be found in almost any number of the *Improvement Era*. Especial reference is made to the official action taken at the June Conference on this question and which can be

found on page 684 of this issue. Rich material may also be found beginning on page 560 of the June *Era*, under the title, "Vital Problems Confront Us."

### Sunday Evening Quarterly Conference Meetings

The programs will always provide for the use of part of the time by visiting authorities of the Church.

The responsibility of preparing for and presenting these programs is placed as follows:

*Fall Quarterly Conferences* — M Men and Gleaners.

*Winter Conferences* — Vanguard and Juniors.

*Spring Conferences* — Scouts and Bee-Hive Girls.

*Summer Conferences* — Adults.

The planning of these programs will be in the hands of the Stake.

Supervision is in the hands of the respective departments who will have a stake-wide field of ward successes to draw upon for conference programs, and it is recommended that the representation be made as wide as practicable.

### The Slogan

Have the slogan attractively placarded and conspicuously placed at the beginning of the season's work. Give the slogan a place on each Monthly Joint Session and Quarterly Conference program in this way.

Appoint some one to read the slogan and then to speak briefly (four minutes) on one of the Latter-day Saint ideals, using for material the paragraphs published in the *Era*, dealing with the Ideal. The slogan need not be repeated by the congregation aloud.

### Department Manuals

ONLY minor changes are to be made this year in the general assignment of duties to Executives and

to other officers. At the June Conference the following plan was submitted:

First—The division of all M. I. A. work into three phases:

- General features, such as organization, finances, slogan, joint Sunday evening programs, etc.
- Group discussions (class studies)
- Recreational activities both general and departmental.

Second—The assignment of each of these phases or divisions to the direct supervision of one of the Presidency; the point being emphasized, however, that the three members of the Presidency work as a unit in making all decisions.

Third—Since the division of the work designated as recreational activities is now under the direct supervision of one of the Presidency, this individual becomes the chairman of the Community Activity Committee (both in the Y. M. and Y. L. association.)

Fourth—If a new organization is being effected, two leaders for each department should be selected: one to have charge of class discussions (Manual studies), and one, of all special recreational activities. The last named leaders, one from each department, become also the community Activity Committee, being called together at regular and frequent intervals by one of the Presidency as chairman.

Fifth—The Music Directors continue as a department but also meet as a Committee.

When the joint Community Activity Committee meets, therefore, the personnel will be as follows:

Two members of the Presidency (1 Y. M. and 1 Y. L.) as chairman.

Two Music Directors.

Two Recreational Leaders from each department.

(For further details see Hand Book Supplement for 1930.)



These Manuals will not only furnish instructive and interesting material for a delightful series of discussions during the M. I. A., but are well worth preserving for the home library. Members of the departments as well as the class leaders will be glad to own individual copies in order to receive the greatest benefit from these studies.

Each Manual contains, in addition to the theme for the year's study, an outline of the activities for the department. These outlines will be sup-

plemented from month to month by helpful material in the Era.

### Open Social for the M. I. A. September 16

It is urged that every ward and branch in the Church begin the season's work on that date. The organization should be complete, all equipment secured, and everybody notified and invited to be present and to become active members of the organization.

### Department Project

**Adult Department**—Several projects on "Community Health and Hygiene" are to be launched by this department; they are treated in the Manual of that title.

**M Men Department**—"The Non-use of Tobacco."

**Gleaner Department**—"We will gather Treasures of Truth."

**Vanguard-Scouts**—"Marking Historic Places."

**Junior Girls Department**—"We will develop beautiful and vigorous minds and bodies through right thinking and right living."

**Bee-Hive Department**—"I will overcome some undesirable habit."

**Adult Department**—"Community Health and Hygiene."

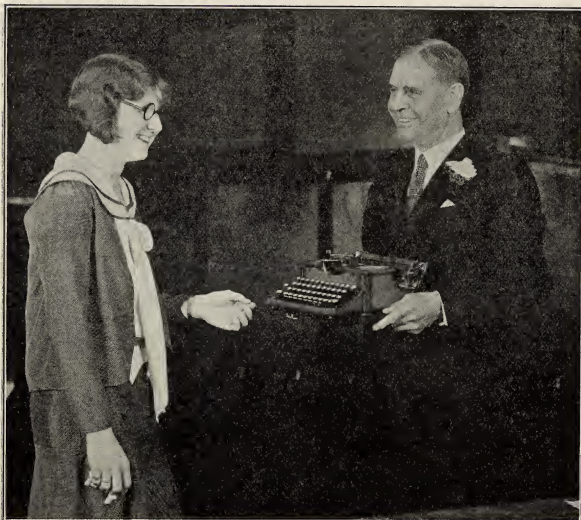
**M Men Department**—"Choosing a Vocation."

**Gleaner Department**—"Gleaning", by Dr. Adam S. Bennion. Price 25c.

**Vanguard-Scouts Department**—"Scout Hand Book" and "Vanguard-Scout Guide."

**Junior Girls Department**—"Believing and Doing", by Clarissa A. Beesley. Price 20c.

## Governor Dern Presenting Typewriter to Winner



At a recent assembly of students of Henager's Business College, Governor Dern presented Miss Doris Jackson with a Royal Typewriter. This award was made by the Royal Typewriter Co., N. Y., for test written at highest rate of speed by any student in the State this year. Miss Jackson wrote at rate of 106 words per minute for fifteen minutes without error. This is not only the highest rate of speed ever written by any student in the State, but is also the highest in the United States since this system of awards was inaugurated two years ago. Governor Dern complimented Miss Jackson on the excellence of her work, which has brought honor to herself, to her school and to the State. He also gave a very interesting and instructive talk to the students on the need in business of well trained students.

This record comes to within one word per minute of that made by Ethel Glaze, who, while a student of Henager's Business College, wrote at the rate of 107 net words per minute in International Contest held in New York City. The school holds five International Records.

New students may enroll any week and progress just as rapidly as their application and ability will permit. Graduates are placed in good positions just as soon as their course is completed. The school has been unable to fill all the positions open this year. Visitors are always welcome and inquiries cheerfully answered at Henager's Business College, 45 E. Broadway. Enroll now, before the Fall Term starts.

### Department Books

**Executive**—Life of Joseph Smith—Cannon \$2.50

**Special Price to M. I. A.**, \$1.80, cash with the order.

**Adults**—"Grandmother Brown's 100 Years"—Brown \$3.00

**M Men**—"Light in the Clearing"—Bachelor \$.75

**Gleaners**—"Bambi"—Salten \$2.50

**Junior Girls**—"Life of Schumann-Heink"—Lawton \$2.50

**Bee-Hive**—"Mother Carey's Chickens"—Wiggin \$.75

**Vanguard**—"On the Bottom"—Ellsberg \$3.00

**Scouts**—"Chad of Knob Hill," \$2.00.

Buy the entire list for \$15.00 if cash comes with the order, \$16.00 if sent C. O. D., or \$17.00 if charged to the ward account.

The above books may be secured from the Deseret Book Co., 44 E. So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

**Note:** If any association finds it too expensive to purchase both "Bambi" and "Life of Schumann-Heink" the Gleaner and Junior Departments may unite on either one or the other.

"A library is the strengthener of all that is great in life, and the repeller of what is petty and mean: and half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read."—George Dawson in an address at the opening of Birmingham Free Reference Library.

## M Men-Gleaners Department

### COMMITTEE

Combined M Men and Gleaner Committees

## M Men-Gleaner Session of the June Conference, 1930

THE Sunday evening session of the great M. I. A. Conference held in Salt Lake City June 6, 7, and 8, was turned over to the M Men and Gleaners.

The theme of the meeting was "Carry On," which beautifully supplemented the general theme of the conference "Onward with Mormon Ideals." The program was presented entirely by M Men and Gleaners and portrayed in a splendid manner what the youth of the past has contributed to the carrying on of the Church, and what they will continue to contribute.

During the period of the organization of the Church, when persecutions and hardships had to be encountered on every hand, it was young men who had to carry the message to an unbelieving world, traveling many miles on foot, without food or money but happy in the knowledge that it was God's work.

During the exodus of the people, when they came as pioneers to this unconquered desert, the young men and women were valiant in their loyalty, and sometimes gave their lives to help weaker ones over the seeming impassable places.

And so on down through the years, the youth of this Church have proved themselves equal to their tasks, and have carried on, and will be ready and willing to bear the burdens of the day as they come along.

### Program

Presentation of Chairman of Meeting  
.....General Supt. George Albert Smith  
Song, "High on the Mountain Top"

Prayer ..... Congregation  
Song, "The Morning Breaks" ..... Lynn Roberts

..... Chorus of 600  
"The Theme" (See Page 686) ..... L. Verl Broadbent

(Written for the occasion by Ruth May Fox and Alfred M. Durham)  
Theme Song

..... Assemblage of M Men and Gleaners  
Part I—Contribution of Youth in the Past  
Period of Organization ..... Melvin Ridges  
Period of Persecution ..... Archie Williams  
(Pantomime Groups Accompanying)

Days of the Pioneers  
Eula Waldman, A. N. Parker, 40 M  
..... Men and Gleaners

Fifty Years Ago  
..... Edna Rhoades and Erma Manvill  
(Presenting Leaves From an Old Album.  
M Men-Gleaners)  
Part 2—The Young People of Today:

The Challenge (See Page 685) .....

..... Warwick C. Lamoreaux

Song, "True to the Faith" .....

..... Assemblage of M Men-Gleaners

The Human Body .....

..... Theron Fotheringham-Marvin Jonas

The Home (See Page 688) ..... Maurine Burt

(Presenting Virtues of the Home, M Men-Gleaners)

Our Government ..... A. L. Beecher

(Responses by M Men-Gleaners)

Our Religion .....

Ray Alleman, Grace Gardiner, With

..... Special Chorus

O Hark! A Glorious Sound is Heard

..... (M Men-Gleaner Chorus)

Part 3—Introduction of President Heber

J. Grant (See Page 689) ..... Jas E. Sabine

Song "Hail to Our President"

(Written for the Occasion by Ruth May

Fox and J. Spencer Corwall)

Response ..... President Heber J. Grant

Song "Carry on" ..... Congregation

Prayer ..... Anna Porter

The principal addresses are to be found

elsewhere in the issue of the Era, as

indicated on the program.

The General Board can supply gold

and green paper as used in the "Carry

On" song at the point indicated in the

song "holding aloft our colors." They

can also supply you with the two songs

composed for this occasion i. e., "Carry

On" and "Hail To Our President."

Price of Paper—1 cent per sheet plus

postage.

Price of Song—5c.

Send to the Young Ladies' General

Board Offices for songs and paper, 33

Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

This program is furnished in the hope

that a similar program will be presented

in every Stake and Ward in the Church.

In every locality you will find evidence

of sacrifice, courage, and an abiding faith

in God shown by our leaders in preparing

for us the wonderful things we have today.

Would it not be a fine thing for our young

people to portray the efforts of these

splendid characters—make them live

again? Let our young people see and feel

the lives of these great men and women

who have done so much for them. Let

them bring to light and express an ap-

preciation of their community leaders of

the past. Let them know and feel the

power that caused these pioneers to sacrifice

so much for the Gospel and the ideals of

their faith.

Encourage the M Men and Gleaners to

put on a program in every Stake in the

Church, portraying the ideals of our

leaders, the pioneers. It would not be

such a difficult thing to find an abundance

of material to shape such a program and

we feel sure that not only the onlooker but

the participants, as well will be greatly

blessed, and that it will strengthen the

faith of the youth of today.

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## Junior Girls Department

### COMMITTEE

May Booth Talmage, Chairman  
Agnes S. Knowlton

Laura P. Nicholson  
Julia S. Baxter  
Marie C. Thomas

### Roses Again

IN last month's *Era* the Junior Committee expressed pleasure and appreciation for the lovely roses sent in by the Junior girls of the various stakes of the Church which were used to decorate the great Tabernacle on the occasion of the Junior-Bee-Hive Festival at June Conference. In this act, the girls demonstrated one phase of the project—the beautifying of houses of worship. Single flowers and bunches, wreaths and garlands poured in from everywhere, bringing with them their message of love and loyalty and cheer. If every girl could have seen the gorgeous scene when the flowers were arranged, she would doubtless have found rich compensation for the effort and sacrifice put forth. The decorations, at the request of Primary and M. I. A. officers, were left in the Tabernacle for the Sunday morning session of the conference, and also for the M Men-Gleaner session at night, and at the conclusion of that meeting, the Salt Lake stake requested that they be left for the annual Flower Festival to be held a week later. At this time, a public expression of appreciation to the Junior girls of the Church was made, and their project given full measure of praise.

### June Conference Meetings

AT the special separate session for Junior leaders, an outline of the class discussion for the coming season was given by Counselor Clarissa A. Beesley, the writer of the text. A synopsis of her talk will be included in the manual which is soon to be off the press. This will give Junior leaders ample time before the fall opening of the M. I. A. to become familiar with the material, and better prepared to do their part with efficiency and power. The price of the manual will be nominal, and we feel sure that the need for spiritual development, which perhaps has never been greater than now, will be partially fulfilled in the study of the splendid material being prepared.

### Festival Dramitization

SO many requests have been received for copies of the program presented at the Junior-Bee-Hive Festival at June conference that they are being granted in this number of the *Era*. If

you wish to put a similar program on for your own ward or stake, turn to page 666 and use that material, or base your own ideas upon it, if you prefer. Dramatization is a most potent form of expression, and the lovely message of Juniorhood can be carried over beautifully and effectively through this means.

### Reports

WE learn to do by doing and by seeing what others are doing. If your group is trying any new plans for the summer, send in the report, and let others share it with you.

### Report from Liberty Stake

BELIEVING the Junior girls of other wards will be interested in knowing what others are doing, we, the Juniors of the Ninth ward of Liberty Stake give an account of ourselves as follows:

Our motto has been—like the rose—to leave fragrance everywhere. Like its brightness we have set as our standard, the brilliance of Christ's teachings.

Feeling that there may have been on the part of some members need for guidance, we placed in our classroom a question box, where problems could be placed for discussion in open meeting, without embarrassing any individual. We've endeavored to help everyone in an impersonal way; for we believe that character is caught and not taught.

At the beginning of the year our class made candy which was sold at our opening social, the proceeds of which bought our book, "A Lantern In Her Hand," by Bess Streeter Aldrich. The girls were greatly impressed by this book and were inspired to higher ideals. We also participated in the retold story contest.

In order to beautify our rooms of worship on the occasion of our meetings, we appointed a committee to provide flowers to create an atmosphere in keeping with our project, "We Will Cultivate the Beautiful Through the Raising of Flowers."

Comparable to this atmosphere, our Junior chorus added some inspiring musical selections. We presented some interesting programs, where everyone felt it a joy to be present.

And our travelogue! Oh! the fun we had traveling! We visited the Hy-





JUNIOR GIRLS LIBERTY STAKE

land telephone exchange, the Mexican mission, and the Keeley Candy Company, besides some imaginary trips through Australia, Siberia, Switzerland, Germany, Jerusalem, and the Hawaiian Islands.

For Christmas we made clever curly-crepe paper dolls, which were given to our mothers for Christmas presents. The dolls were displayed in a cleverly arranged booth at the Relief Society Bazaar.

And then came our Valentine party! It was in the form of a Kiddies' party, and we were all dressed up for the occasion. Every once in a while

we are reminded of the good laughs of that night.

The climax to the year was our Spring Festival, which was given as a Mothers' and Junior Girls' Banquet. We entertained our mothers with a very delightful program; the decorations were beautiful, and a flash-light picture was taken of everyone seated at the table.

We have enjoyed the work during the past year. Our work has helped us to build better characters, live better, and to cultivate the beautiful.

Aleen Johnson,  
Lauretta H. Durbin,  
Junior Leaders.

## Lamondi Lodge

"To the woods, so green inviting,  
Let us now a-maying go—"

THE spirit of this song rang in the hearts of the girls of Mount Ogden Stake last summer while the pavements melted in the sizzling town, for their eyes were turned toward their M. I. A. girls' camp, Lamondi Lodge, situated in North Fork Canyon at the foot of the stately Ben Lomond. While the Mutual camp season lasted the Bee-hive, Junior, and Gleaner girls took turns at weekly visits to their mountain "home", although the Fourteenth and Seventeenth Ward maids went as ward units.

The Lodge is a cool, roomy structure which accommodates forty at a time. Meals are excellent. Mrs. Ella Griggs was house-mother, and Miss Sarah McCracken recreation leader. The guests could hike, swing, play volley-ball, croquet, and camp-ball,

hold bon-fire parties, dance to the accompaniment of piano or victrola, tell stories and enact plays around the crackling, odorous cedar logs in the great rock fireplace built into one end of the Lodge. Some hiked to gather wild-flowers, twenty different varieties of which are to be found within a ten-minute walk from the camp. Perhaps the most popular spot was the swimming hole.

Each visiting group was taken on an eighteen-mile hike by Bishop William Z. Terry of the Eighteenth Ward to the top of Ben Lomond. These hikes were decidedly popular, as the view is magnificent, and the long walks were made attractive and instructive by the interesting "nature" stories told by the guide.

At the camp, Sunday School and sacrament meeting were held weekly, these being presided over by the Stake Sunday School Board.

(Continued on page 710)

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## Bee Hive Girls Department

### COMMITTEE

Catherine Folsom, Chairman  
Elsie Hogan Sarah R. Cannon Vida F. Clawson Glenn J. Beeley

### Deseret Stake Bee-Hive Swarm Day

WHAT glorious promises of girlhood and Womanhood are in store for each Bee-Hive girl who is true to the L. D. S. ideals and standards of living. Such was shown by the spirit and theme of the Deseret Stake Swarm Day held in Delta May 14th, 1930.

We have eight wards who have Bee-Hive swarms and seven were in attendance with their mothers and Y. L. officers. Contests in all four events were conducted, that of story telling, scrap books, folk dance, and arts. Contests in retold story and folk dance were held at 11:00 o'clock, at which winners in the events were chosen. During lunch hour, competition reigned supreme, the girls from each ward giving their own yells, songs and speeches.

Last fall, the Bee-Hive girls of our stake decided to have for the exhibit on Swarm Day, cake making, dress making, fancy work, art crafts and scrap books. Delta 2nd Ward was given the prize for the largest variety of articles on display. A prize cake, dress, and scrap book was selected by the judges. Much credit is due our splendid Bee-Keepers.

At 1:30 our graduation program was given in which each ward took part. Our theme was "The Spirit of the Hive." Three splendid original dramatizations were written by a Bee-Hive girl from the ward presenting the play. Eighteen Bee-Hive girls received their Gold Bee and Certificate.

in Bee-Hive formation. This Swarm Day was truly a mothers and daughters' day, and the sweet happy spirit which permeated each one present surely made it one to be long remembered. May we have many such days.

Myrtle L. Wright,  
Stake Bee-Keeper.

### Blackfoot Stake Swarm Day Held

IN June we held our Swarm Day, when 33 girls completed their Bee-Hive work. The Bee-Hive songs, contests in dance and story telling, the Bee-Hive formation drill, were especially interesting to the many mothers present. Our Stake Bee-Keeper, Sister Anna Carlson, conducted the affair in a most efficient manner. We are delighted with the interest shown and the progress of the work in our stake.

Mrs. Althea Bitton,  
Y. L. Stake President

### Changes in Cells

CELL No. 287 has been revised to provide a seal for the reading of the one department book on the reading course, instead of three, as heretofore specified. Domestic Art—Cell No. 509 now includes any form of artificial flowers.

Cell No. 510 includes batik, dye and dye work, jesso, clay, polychrome and creole work, etc. Bee-Keepers may decide what deserves a seal.

## Lamondi Lodge

(Continued from page 709)

The duties of camp life were taken care of largely by the visiting girls, who, each summer, are divided into four groups; (1) The Pearl Divers, who wash dishes; (2) The Bridgets, who assist in the preparation of meals; (3) The Maids of Honor, who sweep and dust, and (4) The Foresters, who gather wood and prepare the bon-fires. These were joyous groups, who made play of the so-called "work".

Lamondi Lodge is built on the fifty acres in the North Fork a few miles out from Ogden, owned by Mount

Ogden Stake. The improvement of this beautiful, mountainous property is under the direction of a committee selected from the High Council, the present chairman being William J. Barnes. The Lodge itself is being operated by the presidency of the Young Ladies' Mutuals, Miss Nellie Hendricks, Mrs. Mary Jones, and Mrs. Blanche Hyde, and it is to the determination, vision, and untiring efforts of these sisters that the girls owe the delightful weeks spent last summer at "Lamondi."



# Expatriation

(Continued from page 665)

but indistinctly. Some of that which I shall say, you have already heard many times; some of it will be shockingly new.

"Your father, John Z. Terry, was as dear to me as Jessie Dean is to you. He was instinctively and always a gentleman, as conscientious a man as I ever knew, and withal a delightful friend. And Jack was a handsome fellow, too, wasn't he, mother? You come honestly by your good looks, child. He had as captivating a manner with the girls as you have with men, but there was nothing he abhorred quite so much as a male flirt, and his efforts to dodge designing mothers and acquiescent daughters amused us greatly.

"He had always wanted to travel, so when one particular woman with a marriageable daughter pursued him so determinedly he packed up and left the country, visiting different lands and winding up in the South Sea Islands. From there he wrote and persuaded me to join with him in a number of investments which subsequently proved very profitable.

"We had interests in Fiji, Tonga and Samoa and his time was divided among the various groups, though for the most part his home was in Apia, where you were born, daughter, and where your parents were killed in the terrible hurricane.

"Many people hereabouts knew John Terry. His family was an old and honored one, and his own character was above reproach, so that from your father's side you have every reason to be proud of the blood which is in your veins. But—"

MR. REDFIELD floundered as helplessly as an unwilling witness under his severe cross-examination. Evidently the task confronting him was not an easy one. The quick-witted girl caught a faint glimmer of what was to be revealed.

"But you mean that I haven't the same reason to be proud of my mother? Is that what you are trying to say?"

Her frightened and penetrating gaze was disconcerting. As much to avoid it as for any other reason,

he asked her to sit on his knee as she had done from babyhood. More than one serious trouble had been banished entirely or at least soothed to forgetfulness by the tenderness of this big-hearted man, the only father she had really known.

"Yes, that is what I am trying to say, my child, and I find it very hard to do. I heard something of this woman, your mother, and wrote Jack urging him to be careful. Though he was not a good correspondent and seldom wrote, he did answer that letter and assured me there was no occasion for anxiety. However, it appears now that he ultimately yielded to temptation and made her his wife."

"Then my parents were properly married?"

"Oh certainly, yes indeed!" Mr. Redfield hastened to assure her. "No question of that kind has ever been raised." Again the judge hesitated.

"Then was my mother not a good woman?"

THAT he could give satisfactory answer to this question, afforded temporary relief to the troubled man. But Nell insisted that he proceed.

"You know how proud the Everetts have always been of their family blood, and how carefully they have enquired into the ancestry of those who might become one with them in marriage. You will recall how your own case was looked into and that I was able to show Mr. Everett the letter which your father wrote me at the time of his marriage, informing me that he was marrying a splendid girl of whom we would all be proud and whose culture and education were comparable in every respect with the Terrys. Everett was fully satisfied, but later on he accidentally met a merchant from Apia who hinted at something which was most disquieting.

"Although I was so incensed this evening when I heard of his action that we almost came to blows, I must confess now Mr. Everett did the consistent and proper thing, the thing that any thoughtful father would do, en-

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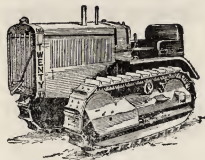
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gaged a discreet man to go to the Islands to investigate."

"And he found?" The question came huskily from tense lips.

"He found confirmation of the statement made by the merchant, that your mother was part Fijian."

The girl's face was very white, but of the three she was the most calm. She made a pitiful attempt to comfort Mr. Redfield and his wife. Then tremblingly she put a question:

"To what race do the Fijians belong?"

"To the Melanesian or Negroid race."

IT was in Nell's own room that the full force of the calamitous news broke upon her. She was part negro. That the horror of it did not kill her instantly was cause for surprise to her overwhelmed mind. Reared in an aristocratic southern family, slaveholders for generations prior to the civil war, she had from childhood imbibed ideas concerning the colored race which made this information peculiarly abhorrent. Nate had often called her his brunette lily, and she shuddered at thought of the origin of her complexion.

Thinking of Nate made the present condition seem unbearable, and she flung herself on the bed in a fit of uncontrollable grief. Nate already knew the loathsome truth or would know immediately. Of course the Everetts would object to the marriage. They could have had no other purpose in sending a spy to the Islands; and she herself must forestall them by declining to continue the engagement, or suffer the degradation of having them reject her. The intense pride of her soul—a pride possessed by inheritance and cultivation—flamed up bitterly, resentfully, at the alternative. This explained the cause of their coolness, and as she considered it further, the temptation swept over her still to claim their son. Even possessed of this knowledge, she was sure he would not willingly relinquish her, and her first impulse was that she would marry him in spite of all. They could go away among strangers; the property left by Mr. Terry was ample for their needs, and Nate, too, was well equipped by training to provide for them. The idea was seized as a drown-

ing man grasps a bit of driftwood. For a time she clung desperately to it.

"But what then?" she finally asked herself. "Marry him and live a lie all my life, to my associates, to my children whom I have sung to sleep, in imagination, ever since my own babyhood? What kind of a Nathan would I be? When my father thought me white he would rather have seen me in my shroud than married to someone tainted as I am. His white southern blood has always revolted at such unions. He would come to hate me as I would hate myself. If I alone of all the world knew this secret, I could not degrade the man I love by marrying him."

WHEN they felt they could do so wisely, Mr. and Mrs. Redfield came to her room, but were able to offer little comfort. Indeed, they were hardly less disturbed than was the girl. Exhaustion alone brought a measure of tranquility to the troubled hearts. With calmness a faint hope arose in the afflicted girl's mind. Eagerly she put the question:

"Is it possible that this detective is either mistaken or has made up this story?"

"How I wish such a hope could be justified! I entertained it myself at first, but Mr. Gray, whom I have known by reputation for a long time, is a very high class man. He would not stoop to falsehood and there would be no motive for it, because Mr. Everett was sincerely anxious to disprove the rumor which had come to him; and as for a mistake, Gray's training is a guaranty against that. In addition, he has sworn statements from private individuals as well as from officials in Samoa that John Terry's wife was a—"

"A negress!" finished Nell with a shudder.

"Had Fijian blood in her veins," corrected Mr. Redfield.

"But how do you explain my father's letter to you on the subject? Can you believe he lied to his best friend?"

"No, I can not! John Terry was so honest that if he had declared his wife was wholly white his bare statement would stand with me against a roomful of affidavits from unknown people, but I have re-read that particular letter carefully and unfortunately he does not say, though he evidently in-



tended to convey the idea, that no colored blood was in her veins. No word of his actually contradicts Gray's report. Your mother was well educated and talented, her father traced his ancestry to the British nobility, and three-quarters of her mother's blood runs back to the best families, but the other quarter was Fijian."

AT the girl's request, Judge Redfield told again all he knew of her parents' history after they met each other. Word had come to him from Fiji that Nelly Alder, with just enough Fijian blood in her veins to make her a most captivating creature, following the example of her American sisters, had fallen deeply in love with Terry who had avoided her for a time and to escape had finally gone to Tonga, where they had business interests. He had subsequently married there, and the Redfields were always of the opinion it was to another woman, but Mr. Gray's affidavits showed that the Fijian woman was so desperately in love that she had followed him to Tonga. Gray was not able to land in that place owing to an epidemic of measles, a disease peculiarly fatal to the Islanders, but had written for information and had received an official statement from the prime minister that John Z. Terry and Nelly Alder were married there by the Rev. Josiah Hunt. In his possession also were documents from residents of Samoa and Fiji that Nelly Alder, wife of Mr. Terry, was an eighth Fijian. A reputable merchant of that place who had done business with Mr. Alder in Suva, knew the family well, and Nelly's mother showed unmistakable signs of colored blood.

"THE tropical climate never did agree with Jack," continued the judge. "His health broke down and fearing that the end was approaching he disposed of most of our holdings and sent for me to come down to help close up our affairs. He urged haste, as there were some important explanations to make. Mother and I both went, but before reaching Apia the destructive hurricane had occurred. The building in which your parents lived, collapsed, as did most others in the town. Your mother was killed

outright and your father lived only long enough feebly to entreat friends to have us take you home and raise you as our own daughter.

"They had been buried several days when we arrived. We erected stones over their graves and made disposition of our few remaining interests."

"You overlook the most important thing," Mrs. Redfield interposed. "While mourning sincerely for our friend, we were at the same time thanking God for hearing our prayers and giving to us a child."

"And he alone knows how completely you have fulfilled the duties of parents." The girl's tone indicated that she, too, comprehended the extent of their fidelity. Then she continued, "What did you learn of my own mother?"

"You must remember that the hurricane wrought frightful havoc with the country and people, and everything was in confusion. We learned nothing whatever of your mother except that the reports sent us of her talents and beauty were confirmed. It was evident the natives loved her sincerely. That she idolized you, you already

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know, having been told from infancy of how, amid the chaos of that fatal storm, she shielded your tiny body with her own, thereby saving your life at the cost of hers."

"And until tonight I have loved the life she saved and loved her for saving it, but now I feel that she was most cruel. Oh, why wasn't I buried with them?"

**JUDGE REDFIELD**  
took the overwrought girl in his arms. "There, there, my sweet little daughter, don't take it so to heart."

"But that's one of the troubles! I have been your little daughter so long and it has brought such joy and sweetness into my life. Now that is all past and I can never call you father and mother again."

"Of course you can. Mother and I have talked it all over and there's not to be the slightest change in our relations. Isn't that so, mother?"

Mrs. Redfield answered by kissing the girl's wet cheeks and mingling her own tears with her daughter's.

"Of course you would say that; I didn't expect anything else. But I'm not likely to forget now the horror with which you have both looked upon people whose blood was tainted as mine is. And there's Nate," with difficulty she restrained a fresh outburst of grief. "If I should ask your advice, you couldn't say for me to marry him, consequently there's only one thing to be done. I must go away from here, from you, the only parents I have really known, from Nate; must go back to the Islands, to weep over the graves of my parents and there, with whatever courage and strength I can muster, spend my life working for the education and betterment of the people among whom I was born, until I die of a broken heart."

**A GREAT** sob coming from the sensitive heart of the man shook his frame; a cry such as comes only from one filled with mother love escaped his wife.

"No, no, Lilly Nell!" Mrs. Redfield moaned. "You are my daughter, my own sweet child, given to me by heaven in answer to a childless woman's prayers. You can not leave us. It would kill us both."

"Heaven was merciful when it sent me here, to such a kind father and tender mother, and oh, how I've learned to love you, but you can see that I can't remain. My friends will know of this, and even if they do not, you have taught me honesty until mingling with them as I have always done would be a living lie, worse for us all than death, worse even than to live alone in a foreign land."

The grief and excitement of the evening had exhausted the girl, and Mrs. Redfield insisted on putting her to bed.

"I'll leave your door open, dear, so that if you need me you can call."

**A MOMENT** later the young lady heard the door bell ring, and then Nate's voice demanding of her father.

"Where's Nell? I must see her."

"She is indisposed and has retired. You know it is past midnight."

"Judge Redfield, I want your help in this matter. You'll not be so absurd and unreasonable, I know, as father and mother are. I don't give a tinker's dam for a sixteenth of Fijian blood! I'd marry her if she were a mulatto!"

"No you wouldn't, my boy. You would be doing yourself, Nell and the world a wrong." The men went into the library, closed the door, and the listener heard no more.

(To be continued)

## Cheer and Trust to Face Adversity

By WM. M. WADDUPS  
President Hawaiian Mission

**WHEN** you think life isn't worth while, I wish you could see the little island of Molokai, one of the Hawaiian group. There you would find a colony of about five hundred adults, all suf-

fering from the ravages of leprosy.

Although sick and suffering physical affliction, separated from family, friends, cut off from personal contact with the rest of the world, yet you would find them



cheerfully hopeful, and spiritually exalted above most of their fellows

I have never known more optimistic resignation. Where you would naturally expect sadness, you find cheerfulness. Where you would look for tears you find laughter. I think I saw more smiles to the square inch in this unique village than in any other I ever visited. This is doubly unusual when you learn that there is not a single child among them.

Such are the people who reside in the Kalaupapa Leper Settlement, maintained by the Territory of Hawaii, for the isolation and care of its leper unfortunates.

In company with my wife, Olivia, who represented the Relief Society organization of the Hawaiian mission, and Miss Freda Linnebach, a graduate of the L. D. S. hospital doing missionary work in this mission, we visited this beautiful little city of Refuge, for the purpose of lending as much spiritual comfort, and support as we could.

We were permitted, by the Board of Health, to stay with them for three days. We lived, as all visitors do, in the quarters set aside for the entertainment of those whose work or duty takes them to the Settlement.

We have in this settlement one of the most active branches of the Church in the Hawaiian mission. They have a fully organized and efficiently working Relief Society, a model Sunday School, and a wide awake M. I. A. All these organizations are manned and conducted by local people who get little personal contact with the other members and organizations of the Church. The members of the Church in this village rank among our best tithe payers.

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## Nellie Sue Comes to Her Senses

(Continued from page 683)

THEY moved her, presently, in to a private ward. Each day the doctor and the interne came in to see her and dressed the cut on her head, the sprained ankle and the fractured arm. It wasn't until the third day that Nellie Sue was allowed to talk. It was while the doctor was bandaging her head, with the aid of the interne, while the little nurse held the dressing tray, that she was asked how she happened to be run over.

"It was because I went to the theatre on Sunday," she declared.

The doctor and the interne exchanged glances.

"What had that to do with it?" he smiled.

"Everything. You see—" and she found herself telling them all about it. About the "summer boarders" and the endless work, about her rebellion and the letter to the cousins; about the plans for her first vacation and the hems she had turned up by lamp-light; about the smart ready-made dress and the high-heeled pumps; about her longing for something more spicy than Sunday School picnics and Sunday School; about the darling show and her embarrassment.

"A rotten shame, I call it," the interne said vigorously, settling the bandages among the shining curls with unwonted tenderness, "to have one's first vacation broken up like that and have to lie in a hospital instead. Something ought to be done about it."

"But it's my own fault," Nellie Sue declared.

"It seems to me it's the fault of the summer boarders," the interne insisted.

"We—ll," Nellie Sue said slowly, "I guess it wasn't exactly their fault, but, oh, I was so tired of cooking for company, and the ones who were coming were the most tedious of all. They have gotten the diet fad. Both women were on a diet—a different diet. Cousin Floy required one thing and Cousin Belle another, and the girls liked regular food and lots of it. I don't see how people acquire so many notions about their food."

But the doctor was looking at her with new interest. "Floy? Belle?" he repeated. "Can you

mean Mrs. Prichard and Mrs. Eaton?" he asked.

Nellie Sue stared. "Why yes. Do you know them?"

"They are my patients, and perhaps, after all, I am indirectly to blame for your being here. It was I who prescribed their diets."

"Oh!" Nellie Sue said flatly. "But why? What are the diets for?"

THE doctor put an expert finger on the broken bone and left it for the interne to bandage, then he regarded the girl thoughtfully.

"Unfortunately, your Cousin Floy has rather alarming symptoms of diabetes and your Cousin Belle an equally alarming high blood pressure, and strict diet is the most dependable treatment for both. In fact, disregard of diet might mean death for your cousins."

"Oh!" Nellie Sue's voice was hushed with awe. "And I thought it just a whim! I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself. But how could one know? They look so well."

"It is usually the stout, healthy-looking person who falls victim to these two particular troubles."

"I wish they had told me. I wonder why they didn't?"

"Probably they are a little sensitive about their ills, or more likely, they didn't want to distress you."

The interne lingered a moment after Dr. Sperry and the nurse had gone. The girl's wretched countenance disturbed him.

"You're not to worry about those cousins. You've done so much for them in the past that this once won't matter—and they'll be here a long time yet, the chances are, so you will have ample opportunity to serve them at other times. Dr. Sperry shouldn't have told you."

"I'm so glad he did! I might have blundered even more if he hadn't."

The interne laid his hand on her arm.

"But promise you won't worry."

Nellie Sue flushed at the earnest solicitation in his voice, and promised.



"That's fine!" Dr. Martin smiled his satisfaction and followed Dr. Sperry down the corridor.

NELLIE SUE was very thoughtful the remainder of the day. Also very contrite. She could not forget that she had deprived the two sick women of a quiet and restful week in the country—for they would not think of going after getting her letter, that she well knew. And grandma would be disappointed and hurt. She quite forgot her promise not to worry and twisted and turned restlessly in her white bed.

It was remarkable how many visits the interne found necessary in Nellie Sue's case, and how prone he was to linger. He lingered now, he knew, unpardonably.

"I have been worrying," Nellie Sue faltered.

"I thought you promised me you wouldn't do that."

"I didn't mean to, but when I'd think about them, sick like that, and not making any complaint and being so brave, I felt like an ingrate and a shirker to have failed them; I who never knew an ill moment in my life. And then, being here in the hospital has been such a revelation to me. You doctors and nurses are so self-sacrificing and, too, for those who are nothing to you. Yet you are cheerful and smiling no matter how tired or worried you may be. It makes me feel all the more keenly how I have failed my own flesh and blood."

"Nonsense! You are making a mountain of a mole hill. Besides, we hospital folk run away for our vacations no matter how many sick there are. We need it; every one does, and so do you."

"I believe I did," she acknowledged, "but I need not have been so snippy about it."

"Anyone is apt to be snippy when the nerves are ready to snap."

"I wonder when I'll be allowed to go home?"

"Not for a week or more, I feel sure, so make up your mind to accept it cheerfully. You don't mind us so terribly, do you?"

"I—I don't mind at all. I—love it here."

Nellie Sue awoke from her nap one afternoon to find the little nurse gazing dejectedly from the window. She watched her for some minutes before she moved or spoke.



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"Miss Porter, come, tell me what you are thinking about."

The nurse turned, forcing a smile.

"I was just thinking of my vacation."

"Mercy! Does thought of a vacation make you look like that?"

### MISS PORTER

laughed, but there was a break in it. Nellie Sue patted her hard little hand as it lay on the bed.

"Where will you spend your vacation? With home folks?"

"I have no home folks."

Nellie Sue started.

"You see, I'm an orphan."

"Oh, so am I."

"I know. Oh, my dear, forgive me, but when I heard you telling about your big family of cousins and aunts and uncles, you don't know how I envied you! It is a vacation to you to get away from them, but I, who haven't one living relative in the world, can think of no more glorious vacation than to have a kinsman of some sort to be near—some one I could call my own, even remotely."

The two girls held hands in understanding fellowship. There was silence for a space.

"But you must go somewhere. Where are you going?"

The nurse shook her head. "I don't know."

"When does your vacation begin?"

"Monday."

"Why—that's when I'm leaving!" Then, "You're going home with me!"

"But, my dear—"

Nellie Sue's eyes were shining as she shook her curly head. "But me no buts, madam, for you are!"

"But, Miss Neal, I'm on a diet!"

Nellie Sue made sure that she was in earnest, then both of them burst into a laugh at their own expense.

"Fate has a hand in this," Nellie Sue declared merrily. "A little more and I can qualify as a dietitian. Who knows, I may land in the kitchen downstairs yet."

"That wouldn't do," Miss Porter said in mock solemnity, "every time we needed an interne we'd have to send to the kitchen for him."

NELLIE SUE blushed rosily, then renewed her invitation so persistently and sincerely that

it was accepted. Her heart warmed at the brightened countenance of the little nurse as she thanked her profusely.

"It's such a shame, though, for you to have to go right back to cooking for summer boarders who are on diets."

"I don't think it's half as bad as to be on a diet. What is the nature of yours?"

"My digestion has been poor for some weeks, so I must avoid white bread, fried things and all rich foods."

"I'll work out some menus for you while I lie here in bed. It will be fun to plan them."

The day for their leave-taking came on wings. All morning Dr. Martin had hovered about section 2B, and the hour of departure found him tendering assistance to the patient in 215. The left ankle was still weak and the arm in splints; reason enough why an interne should find it his duty to see to the patient's welfare at the last moment.

"Sure you feel strong enough?" he asked again, as Nellie Sue sat, dressed for the street, awaiting Miss Porter's arrival.

"Quite, thank you. You have all been so kind and patient and thoughtful. I'm glad to have been here. I've learned so much. Perhaps the accident was providential. At any rate, I've come to my senses."

"About what, may I ask?"

"About service for others."

The doctor smiled. "I think you knew enough about that before you came here."

THE girl shook her head. "No, this is different. It is conscious service—for humanity. If I have been of any service to anybody it was incidental—perhaps accidental—but certainly not studied, conscious, intended service. Don't you see the difference?"

Dr. Martin shook his head, smiling. "I can't see such a difference, and I'm sure you flatter us greatly. We get paid for our services."

"You just don't want me to praise you," the girl insisted.

"No, I'm sure that isn't it. In fact, I'd been rather hoping that—well—what I'm trying to say is, that I feel you are showing great partiality to Miss Porter. Haven't I served you as faithfully as she?"

"Of course you have! You have



been wonderful. Haven't I just finished saying so?"

"But Miss Porter gets an invitation to your home and I don't. And my vacation begins the last week in September."

"And you have no family to go to either?"

Dr. Martin hesitated, grinning. "Plenty of family, but they don't live on a farm."

"Oh!" Nellie Sue laughed merrily—and Miss Porter paused outside the door. She wouldn't intrude at such a moment.

"More summer boarders, is that it? Well, Dr. Martin, I shall be at home the last week in September and shall be happy to see you then. Ah—are you by any chance on a diet?" She turned a saucy face to the blonde young doctor. Dr. Martin covered the space between them at a stride. The girl rose to her feet.

"Diet? I could live on cheese and——"

"Cottage cheese?" Nellie Sue interrupted, looking up at him through curling black lashes.

And Dr. Martin, who detested cottage cheese, said ardently,

"Cottage cheese and——"

It was evident he was ready to start on his diet immediately, beginning with dessert.

Miss Porter retreated to a bench further down the corridor and sank down upon it with a patient sigh.

"Sleep"

"NOW may blessings light on him who first invented sleep! It covers a man all over thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my head, that I dislike in sleep—it is that it resembles death. There is very little difference between a man in his first sleep and a man in his last sleep."—Cervantes.

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Do you teach this short-cut in making chocolate cake? Use ground chocolate and put it into the sifter with the other dry ingredients.

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## A Dangerous Door

ONE day a man was seen approaching the door of a roadhouse or cabaret. He held a meter stick in his hand and commenced to measure the door of the cabaret. "Eighty-five centimeters wide," said he "and two meters high."

Then speaking in an audible voice, he addressed himself to the inquisitive people assembled by his strange manner of acting. "This door is just two meters by eighty-five centimeters. Not very much. Nevertheless, I had a house. It has gone through there. I had land, it has all gone through there. I had some beautiful furniture. It has all gone through there without destroying it. I had some savings. It is through that door that it has all gone. But if it were only that? I enjoyed robust health and the doctor told me the other day, 'Your health has gone through the drink door.'

"When I was a young man I had a good reputation. Everybody had confidence in me. Today I haven't the confidence of anyone. Everybody says of me 'He is a drunkard.' My honor has gone through that door. Formerly I had a good heart. I could not suffer to see my wife and children cry because of me. And yet, I have often made them cry, since I go through that door.

"I have a mind. I know how to reflect. I have reasoning power and I am proud of it. But more than once I have gone from the place unable to think and more stupid than a beast. My reason has gone through there. I have a conscience. I feel that there are many things that are just and many unjust things. Have I been just in squandering my money?

Have I been just in poisoning my life? Have I been just in giving to others a bad example? No, certainly not. I have not hearkened unto the voice of conscience. My happiness has gone through that door. I have felt the cabaret singing, but at the bottom I was very unhappy. Well, this time I have had enough of it. Goodby. I will not visit this place again. I renounce drink forever and I will hold good, knowing how to say 'no' energetically to all invitations."

This said, the man quietly left. The others cried after him, "He is right. He told the truth." But too ignorant, too feeble, or too afraid that the like would be said of them, they entered one after another into the bootleg quarter by that same door.

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## INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Company	Page
Becker's Products	708
Beneficial Life Insurance Co.	
Back Cover	
Bennett's Glass & Paint Company	717
Blackstone Institute	704
Brigham Young University	713
Continental Oil Company	712
Consolidated Wagon & Machine Company	719
Deseret News Press	709
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.	711
Fleischmann Yeast Company	719
Heber J. Grant & Company	715
Ghirardelli	719

Company	Page
Henager's Business College	706
Iron Fireman Mfg. Co.	710
Ketterer & Perschon	711
Kewanee Boiler Corporation	720
Knight Fuel Company	707
Landes Tractor & Equipment Co.	712
Miskin Scrapper Works	715
Northwestern Teachers Agency	720
Portland Cement Association	716
Quinn School of Beauty Culture	710
Radium Appliance Company	709
Regal Cleaning & Dyeing	718
Royal Baking Company	718

Company	Page
Saltair Beach Company	720
Salt Lake Hardware Company	715
Salt Lake Pressed Brick Co.	658
Sego Milk Products	714
Standard Oil of California	716
Taylor, Joseph Wm.	717
University of Utah	
Inside Back Cover	
Utah High School of Beauty Culture	708
Yergenson's Teachers Agency	714
Zion's Savings & Trust Company	
Inside Front Cover	



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## Registration Dates

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